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MR. GLADSTONE'S ADDRESS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S election address is more serious and more interesting than Mr. DISRAELI'S because it expresses the opinions of a majority. The intentions of the future Minister are more important than the ingenious rhetoric of his rival. Comments on Mr. DISRAELI'S proclamation naturally take the form either of verbal criticism or of psychological study. An intelligent curiosity is gratified by the visibly deliberate selection of sophisms to suit a definite purpose. The pompous rotundity of the leader's sentences is designed at the same time to catch the ear of his followers, and to intimate to enlightened politicians that conventional phrases are not to be literally construed. It would be idle to look for a system of policy in a document composed with a defensive object. The supporters of the Government are fully aware that Mr. DISRAELI has little sympathy with their feelings, and they strongly suspect that his contrivances for keeping his party in power are nearly exhausted; but they owe him such gratitude as may be deserved by the promotion of their interests at the expense of their principles, and, in common with the rest of the community, they watch with amusement, if not with admiration, his successive feats of versatile adroitness. Mr. GLADSTONE'S movements are watched by friends and enemies with graver solicitude. As far below Mr. DISRAELI in literary skill as he surpasses him in oral eloquence, Mr. GLADSTONE is nevertheless in no danger of being misunderstood. His intellect has the defect of inability to think of two things at once, and consequently his political declarations are sometimes wanting in calmness, in balance, and in reserve; but his impetuous convictions, if they sometimes make his political allies uneasy, are thoroughly intelligible to the mass of the people. No statesman has for many years been so strong in the confidence of that vast majority which looks on political leaders only from a distance. If Mr. GLADSTONE hereafter proves himself qualified to command, he will have an irresistible force at his disposal, for the majority of the next House of Commons will be pledged to register his decrees. It is scarcely too much to say that by his conduct of affairs he may precipitate or retard a revolution, or perhaps altogether avert it. If wisdom and prudence are combined with his other high qualities, Mr. GLADSTONE may not improbably govern England for the remainder of his active life; yet recent experience has shown the uncertainty of calculations founded on the temporary popularity of a statesman. The Parliament elected in 1857 with the sole mission of supporting Lord PALMERSTON drove him from office in 1858, and Mr. GLADSTONE throughout the Session of 1867 was incessantly baffled and disappointed by a House in which he had a nominal majority of seventy members. The union which was restored by his proposal of abolishing the Irish Church will continue until the measure is passed. The further use to which Mr. GLADSTONE will apply the great political power at his disposal can for the present only be the subject of conjecture.

The address to the electors of South-west Lancashire is strictly limited to the issues already joined between the Opposition and the Government. After a brief history of the Reform struggle from his own point of view, Mr. GLADSTONE, while he expresses satisfaction with the wide extension of the franchise, intimates that Mr. DISRAELI'S Bill is still incomplete, and recurs with characteristic fondness to his darling compound householders. It is difficult, as it is unimportant, to discover whether he would have preferred his own moderate measure to Mr. DISRAELI'S sweeping change; nor is it material to examine the substantial justice of an assertion which is literally true, that the Government measure of 1868 was in its first shape frivolous or reactionary. Mr. GLADSTONE could not be expected to appreciate Mr. DISRAELI'S skill in educating his party by accustoming them to rely

on barriers and securities which were to be withdrawn as soon as they had served their purpose. It is possible that, if Fortune had provided Mr. GLADSTONE with a puritanically virtuous opponent, he would have regarded with tolerant generosity scruples akin to his own. Mr. DISRAELI is not even armed like his eager antagonist, who resents, while he is charging with sword and buckler, the dexterous manipulation of the adverse net and trident. If a democratic Reform is a public benefit, and neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor Mr. DISRAELI will consent to yield the prize, they may fairly divide the crown. Mr. GLADSTONE raised the Liberal party to the level at which they demanded a boon which they abhorred; and Mr. DISRAELI performed the harder feat of drawing the Conservatives down to a concession which, however advantageous to the country, was utterly ruinous to themselves. Mr. GLADSTONE'S opinions on education are less perspicuously explained than his condemnation of Mr. DISRAELI'S conduct of Reform. He states that Lord JOHN RUSSELL, whom he calls by anticipation Earl RUSSELL, propounded on behalf of Lord MELBOURNE'S Government, thirty years ago, two principles or platitudes, of which the first, in Mr. GLADSTONE'S opinion, involves no disparagement to the second. The additional proposition that the State should stand apart from religious responsibility in schools aided by grants leaves the first and second principles, whatever they may have been, as well as the matter in dispute, wholly unaffected. It seems probable that, under the pressure of strictly political questions, Mr. GLADSTONE has not had time to consider the pending controversy on education. He has perhaps paid even less attention to the project of substituting elected County Boards for the Courts of Quarter Sessions as the managers of local funds. The county rates are at present administered with all the frugality which is compatible with a due regard to public wants. The County Boards, consisting of the same class of persons who form Boards of Guardians, will be less intelligent and less liberal than the magistrates.

If Mr. GLADSTONE has any opinion on the subject of county administration, except a vague preference for a seemingly liberal reform, his judgment may perhaps have been biased by the same zeal for saving which induces him to attack the Government on the ground of its increased public expenditure. Whatever may be the merits of a controversy to which Mr. GLADSTONE only contributes a dogmatic assertion, it is utterly absurd to assume that the cheapest administration is necessarily the best. The first duty of a Minister is to keep the civil and military establishments in perfect efficiency, and he is, secondarily, bound to accomplish his object without unnecessary expense. The English nation can afford to pay for all that it requires, nor can the justice of a demand for money be measured by its amount; yet no surprise can have been caused by Mr. GLADSTONE'S repetition of the charge against the Government of having unnecessarily added three millions to the Estimates. According to his odd phrase, "the increase had extended not 'less in the civil than in the military and naval departments'; and, in Mr. GLADSTONE'S judgment, "it has not been justified "either by the wishes of the country, or by the demands of "the public service." General PEEL and Mr. HUNT would have reason to complain of an almost discourteous forgetfulness of their arguments if it were not probable that, in some of his speeches to various bodies of his constituents, Mr. GLADSTONE may supply the omissions of his printed address. This, however, he has not yet done; for in his elaborate speech at Warrington, although he entered diffusely into the question of finance, he evaded the direct issue between himself and the advocates of the Government. Instead of either admitting or denying that improved weapons and increased pay were expedient, Mr. GLADSTONE diverged into an irrelevant, obsolete, and inaccurate censure on the policy of the last Chinese war. The

CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will certainly not accept his challenge by inquiring whether a majority of motions and questions tending to expense have proceeded from Conservative or from Liberal members. Mr. GLADSTONE has repeatedly accused, not the party, but the present Ministers, of improperly adding three millions to the Estimates of 1866; and when he stated at Warrington that they had only continued an administrative system common to all Governments, he virtually confessed his inability to meet the answers which have been provoked by his attacks. It is, indeed, highly probable that the Estimates of next year will, in accordance with his prophecy, be reduced by whatever Government may be in office; but the question whether adequate provision is made for the public service cannot be determined by a mere statement of figures. A few years hence a Parliament returned by constituents exempt from direct taxes will perhaps take pride in rejecting niggardly doctrines of frugality. Prudent economists can only hope that Mr. GLADSTONE himself may long exercise an influence which will always be employed in restraining public extravagance.

The most forcible portion of the document contains a condensed argument for the abolition of the Irish Church. The Ministers are held responsible for admitting that religious questions in Ireland were ripe for discussion; and, as Mr. GLADSTONE provokingly states, he adheres, in recapitulating their proposals, as nearly as possible to the language which they used. It was hardly worth while to repudiate by implication all party motives for the alternative scheme of abolishing the Establishment. Every line of Mr. GLADSTONE's address expresses his profound conviction that the substitution of himself for Mr. DISRAELI, as chief Minister, would confer inestimable advantages on the country. As he is not less firmly persuaded that it is expedient and just to abolish the Irish Church, there is no reason why he should neglect one urgent duty because it incidentally involves the performance of another. As long as government by party prevails, politicians must promote their own interest as often as they effect a public improvement. If Mr. GLADSTONE can amuse himself by fancying that the desire of office had no connexion with his Irish Resolutions, it is quite unnecessary to perplex his supporters by an irrelevant apology. Whatever may have been the simplicity or complication of his motives, he has rallied round him a temporarily disorganized party, and he has placed his antagonists in a difficult position. The arguments by which Mr. GLADSTONE maintains the propriety of disestablishment are more forcible, if not more novel, than his proof that Mr. DISRAELI was the first to raise the Irish controversy. In conclusion, Mr. GLADSTONE contrasts his own definite plan with the Report of the Commission, which has not thus far been adopted by the Government, with a passing sneer at "retrenchment or mutilation of the Church by the reduction of its spiritual offices." He reminds his followers that the policy of bringing the civil establishment of the Irish Church to an end has been sanctioned by the outgoing Parliament; and "for the same line of action, the only one just and the only one available," he confidently asks the approval of the electors of South-west Lancashire. Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. GLADSTONE confine themselves with equal closeness of attention to the immediate objects of the political contest. The PRIME MINISTER would willingly retain the office which is likely to devolve on the leader of the Opposition; and accordingly Buckinghamshire is warned that reduced Estimates lead to extravagant outlay, and that the union of Church and State are in danger, while South-west Lancashire is reminded that the three millions are not the Abyssinian three millions, and that the revenues of the Irish Establishment are expended for the benefit of a minority. On the ulterior consequences of the great constitutional change which has resulted from the rivalry of ambitions both statesmen are absolutely silent. Constituencies are not in the habit of looking far in advance; and political leaders, when the case arises, will probably swim with the stream. The distinction between a cynical indifference to principles, and a ready enthusiasm for every popular cause, is rather interesting to the moralist than practically important to the politician. For the present, Mr. GLADSTONE is not only in the right, but on the stronger side. The literary graces in which his address is deficient are less indispensable than the expression of thoroughgoing sympathy with his party.

SPAIN.

THE adhesion of Cuba completes the success of the Revolution. The GOVERNOR of that island seems to have acted in a very prudent manner. He did not notice the first

telegrams, which might be a practical joke or contain a great misstatement of the real facts, but celebrated the QUEEN's birthday as usual. If the QUEEN could but have known it, she might have reflected with pleasure that there was one place at least where her health was still drunk, and cannon fired in her honour. But when the news came in a trustworthy shape, then General LERSUNDI hesitated no longer, and was as ready to drink PRIM's health as that of his late Sovereign. In no part of Spain itself is there any opposition to the Provisional Government. The QUEEN seems to have found that two or three compartments of a French railway carriage would hold all her partisans, and the Carlists are not strong enough to face the Revolution in the first flush of its success and the first display of its strength. In some of the towns the Bishops have blessed the new Government, in others they have slightly cursed it; but, whether they chose to bless or curse, the Revolution went on all the same. The enthusiasts have it all their own way at present, and apathy is certainly not the fault of Spaniards at this crisis. Even at a Madrid bull-fight, when the bull was not killed in the neatest possible way, the populace entreated the matador to remember that the honour of the nation was at stake, and that he really ought to stick the beast as cleverly as he ever did under a monarchical government. Order has been preserved, and apparently without much difficulty, although the folly and recklessness which distributed forty thousand muskets among the greatest rascals of Madrid naturally caused much apprehension. The Provisional Government has, however, adroitly managed to mitigate the mischief by repurchasing at a very cheap rate the property of the nation. The attempts to wreak vengeance on individuals have been very few, and have been provoked by special acts of insult and defiance; but they have been promptly repressed, and the people have readily listened to the entreaties of their leaders not to sully the glory of the cause by ungenerous acts. The first thing in a Revolution is that the people should be in a right temper, and this has been attained. The Spaniards up to this moment have been excited and eager since the QUEEN was driven away, but they have been willing to be guided. The next condition of the success of a revolution is that there should be leaders at once competent and united. This condition also seems to have been fulfilled beyond what any one could have expected. The Provisional Government has abstained from dictation, but it has clearly let it be known what it wished done, and it has acted without any symptom of discordant interests and ambitions in its bosom. The Democratic party also supports it, and this speaks well for that party, and promises well for Spain. It is a great gain when an extreme party, which cannot get what it wants, is content to help to its utmost those whom it judges to be likely to give it that which it thinks the next best to what it desires. There does not appear to have been much pressing of incompetent men into office on the ground of the claims of their friends, and if the Revolution has not been without one specially Spanish touch, and the whole army, including the troops who fought against the Revolution, has been rewarded with a rise in grade, we must allow every nation a little indulgence in its own peculiar follies. On the whole, it may be fairly said that this insurrection is not at all like the insurrections to which Spain has been accustomed for the last five-and-twenty years, and that it has been conducted in a manner that reflects credit on the nation.

All kinds of fine things have been promised by the new Government. There is to be freedom of religious worship, freedom of education, freedom of the press, trial by jury, free-trade, and a multitude of other advantages of the same sort. Let us hope that Spain is destined to have some of them soon, and the rest within a reasonable time. But all these are the items of the ordinary Liberal programme. They mean no more than placards inviting electors to vote for SMITH and Retrenchment, or JONES and the Constitution, will mean in England next month. Spaniards have a positive love for fine words and fine ideas. The most miserable little dirty scraps of local newspapers are constantly appealing to equity and truth and love, as if they were all written by an Archdeacon at least. The Liberal programme in Spain is a good, rolling, sonorous programme, and Liberal revolutionists love to write it and shout it. But this programme is really a matter of the future. The pressing thing was to know how the Provisional Government—whose acts must decide much of the character of the Revolution—would deal with finance and the Church. It must be owned that with regard to both they have shown much boldness. They have rushed in where timid revolutionary angels would certainly have feared to tread. They

have reduced the Customs' duties by one-third, and they have abolished the octroi. The annual amount which the octroi is said to have produced is stated—we know not how accurately—to have been about two millions sterling. To replace this productive if vexatious impost, they have invented a new tax, which appears to be of a most singular kind. The new Minister of Finance is said to be a very clever man, and he will have an opportunity of showing his ability by justifying this tax in the eyes of economists. It is a poll-tax, but it is a very odd kind of poll-tax, for the poor and the army are to be exempted from paying it. It will thus be a tax on rich or moderately well-off civilians; and if it is to produce two millions sterling, and all who pay it are to pay alike, many people who are not fortunate enough to be poor, or soldiers, will find the sum they pay henceforth in taxation enormously increased. A revolution is certainly very often the work of an army which supposes itself to be labouring for the benefit of the mass of the people; but it is carrying the notion rather far to let the army and the mass of the people off a tax altogether, and levy it solely on decent quiet people. The first Budget of the new Minister, if it makes the receipts equal the expenses, will be a great triumph of finance; and this rapid abolition of taxes and customs, and this equally rapid substitution of so very partial and unequal an impost, must make the friends of Spain a little anxious. The summary expulsion of the Jesuits and confiscation of their property seems also, at first sight, a hasty and rash measure. But the Jesuits have been so often expelled from different countries, and Spain even in its old days of bigotry took so very similar a step, that probably it may turn out to have been wise in the Provisional Government to run the risk. It is probable that the leading members of the Government thought it was necessary to do something to satisfy the feeling of indignation and rebellion against the domination of the clergy which has recently prevailed in many Spanish towns, and which has powerfully aided the Revolution. To expel the Jesuits was an act signally grateful to those burning with this feeling, and yet it does not necessarily commit the Government to an open quarrel with the body of ordinary ecclesiastics in the country. The authorities have stepped forward to protect the persons and property of the priests when threatened; and although the priests must hate and dread the Revolution, which is based on those horrible modern ideas which the Pope is continually denouncing as distinctly diabolical, yet, as they are to be thwarted and opposed, many steps might have been taken much more really offensive to them than the expulsion of the Jesuits.

General PRIM has followed the curious modern custom of explaining his secret views and his most important determinations by a letter to a newspaper. He chose an obscure French journal, which certainly had the merit of espousing his cause from the outset, and which had the strange good luck to be able to publish constant telegrams of the growing success of his enterprise in all parts of Spain, at a time when the telegraphs were not in a position to bring news to any one else. He may have thought it looked less like pledging his countrymen to the policy he regarded as the best if he revealed it in the columns of a French and not of a Spanish journal. However that may have been, it was to the editor of the *Gaulois* that he confided the interesting secret that he was convinced that a constitutional monarchy, of the most Liberal type attainable, was the right thing for Spain. The Democratic party subsequently held a meeting; and although some of the more violent of those present were in favour of a Republic, and would hear of nothing else, yet the majority were evidently ready to go with PRIM in the matter, and we may therefore conclude that a constitutional monarchy will be the decision at which the country will be led to arrive, when the time for pronouncing that decision arrives. It would also seem that PRIM has a very clear notion of the person whom he is prepared to invite to ascend the throne. Curiosity is, however, as unsatisfied as ever, and no one can guess who is PRIM's choice. In another letter, addressed to some high personage in France, he is said to have stated that France would have no reason to disapprove the selection, and this has led some guessers to the brilliant conjecture that Prince NAPOLEON must be the man. Certainly, to make Prince NAPOLEON a king would be to get a monarch with the minimum of monarchical ideas, and his reign would be sure to be interesting and full of events. The name of NAPOLEON is not very dear to Spanish memories, and the priests could scarcely pass under the rule of a Sovereign more unlike their late kind friend and protectress; but the oddity of the experiment would invest it with much interest, and Englishmen

would watch his monarchical career with much pleasure and amusement. We should have none of the old jealousy which prompted us to be in a terrible state of alarm and anger when it was metaphorically proposed to do away with the Pyrenees, and place two sons of the same BOURBON father on the thrones of France and Spain. For all we care, the Spaniards are most welcome to choose Prince NAPOLEON or any one else, so long as they do not choose any of our own Royal Family. It has been gravely suggested that the Duke of EDINBURGH should go to Madrid as King, and take the key of Gibraltar in his pocket. This is indeed remembering that he is a COBURG, and forgetting that he is a son of the Queen of ENGLAND. Gibraltar will be held or restored, if ever it is restored, for reasons far too strong and weighty to be at all affected by the choice of an English Prince as King of SPAIN. Nor is it to be supposed that Englishmen would see without great indignation and sorrow a son of their QUEEN stooping to the level of the scions of a little German House, and becoming Greek or Roman Catholic at a moment's notice to get a Crown. The suggestion is not in itself worth a minute's discussion, but it has been discussed at such length, and so solemnly, in Continental journals, that it may not be wholly superfluous to say how foolish it sounds to us in this country.

CANDIDATES AND ELECTORS.

MR. ROEBUCK has the great merit of interrupting the monotonous series of partisan speeches. His defence at Sheffield of his character and conduct may in some points invite criticism, but in substance it is open, sincere, and honest. The orthodoxy of Mr. ROEBUCK's Liberalism is not a matter of primary importance; and apparently it is regarded with much indifference by the constituency of Sheffield, outside the narrow circle of party managers. His real offence consists in the zeal with which he discharged his duty as a Trades' Union Commissioner, and in the indignation which he has freely expressed against the persecutors and murderers whose proceedings he helped to expose. Minor indiscretions may well be condoned in favour of a veteran politician who deviates from the groove of faction into a vindication of liberty and law. Originality, and even eccentricity, may be the more readily pardoned in consideration of their rare occurrence, and of the oppressive uniformity of the conventional and stereotyped appeals to party feeling. Candidates almost deserve pity during their struggles to twist into some new form of words the propositions that the Irish Church is a mischievous anomaly, or that it is a venerable institution requiring reform rather than destruction. As their respective leaders have now spoken, it would save trouble to refer to the standard addresses which are intended to serve as models or texts. No humbler politician can hope to be more solemn than Mr. DISRAELI, or more impetuous than Mr. GLADSTONE; yet perhaps there is a certain advantage in the compulsory repetition of harmless commonplaces. The auction which Mr. BRIGHT lately deprecated is proceeding with increased animation, and established institutions and property are freely offered in the excitement of competition. That extreme Liberals should advocate dangerous changes is not surprising, and it is barely possible that in some cases they may be sincere in desiring revolutionary measures. The wild concessions to democracy, or anarchy, of Ministerial candidates are far more offensive. Mr. DISRAELI's peculiar character may perhaps have been misunderstood by opponents who represent him as a mere political adventurer, but it is evident that the most unfavourable interpretation of his career has been adopted by a section of his admirers and imitators. One of his supporters has appealed to the rabble of an Irish borough to punish their sitting member for holding a brief against the Fenian conspirators; and another zealous Conservative proposes that the Legislature should enforce the edicts of the Sheffield saw-grinders, instead of leaving the vindication of their authority to volunteer assassins. An obscure Government candidate for a group of Welsh boroughs flatters petty local sedition by disclaiming against the Fishery Acts which have lately served as an excuse for the revival of Rebecca riots; and the same champion of order and property denounces the Game-laws, and pledges himself to the Ballot. It would seem that the only institutions which are dear to the Ministerial emissaries are the Irish Church and the actual Government. Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE lately defended the conduct of his party in contesting the greatest possible number of seats; but Conservative candidates, if they must contest every county or borough, might at least agree to advocate Conservative doctrines.

Among the Liberal candidates who are contending with one another in the metropolitan boroughs it is difficult to find a principle of selection. Those who might be supposed to hold moderate opinions seem to be afraid of being thought more scrupulous than their opponents; but, on the whole, judicious electors will perhaps prefer the candidates whom they may suppose to be least sincere in their professions. The existing members for the metropolis, although they have been profuse of pledges, have never, by vote or speeches, seriously endangered Church or State. It is not clear to a bystander in what respect Dr. SANDWICH is further advanced in Liberalism than Mr. CHAMBERS, but the chosen representative of the extreme party in Marylebone is probably more objectionable than the present member. Sir HENRY HOARE is almost as unhesitating in his offers as Mr. ODGER, but he has not organized mob-meetings to intimidate the respectable classes of the community. It is remarkable that nothing has lately been heard of the contest in Westminster which was to test the popularity of Mr. MILL. The result of the last election was not encouraging to the Conservative party; and Mr. MILL's eccentricities of speech and conduct have probably been condoned in consideration of his democratic zeal and of his intellectual eminence. A constituency may reasonably be proud of having, for the first time in English history, elected a member because he had a high reputation for knowledge and wisdom. The artisans regard with a deeper enthusiasm the prophet who has deduced from recondite principles the same conclusions at which they had themselves arrived by a simpler process. If the substantial tradesmen of Westminster had the control of the borough, Mr. MILL would have little chance of success; but it is possible that the educated lodgers, if they have taken the trouble to register their votes, may accord to a man of intellect and celebrity the support which they would withhold from an ordinary democrat. The contest for Lambeth is simplified by the compulsory retirement of the only candidate in whose opinions or prospects of success it was possible to feel an interest. The civic dignitaries who take his place will not shrink from liberal professions, and it is to be hoped that hereafter they will not trouble themselves with performance. The canvass in the Tower Hamlets and in Hackney may perhaps be locally interesting; but it is improbable that a Conservative or moderate candidate can have any chance of success, and it is impossible to distinguish among the more blatant patriots. Mr. BEALES, who appeals chiefly to the bad passions of the constituency against the upper and middle classes, seems to be the most popular of the Tower Hamlets candidates. He may now borrow from Mr. HARCOURT the felicitous suggestion that wars have been generally caused by the undue influence of education.

The complicated calculations which will become necessary in the three-cornered constituencies are curious, if not satisfactory. The contrivance of giving the minority direct representation had long been favoured by theorists, and it was embodied in the Reform Bill against the protests of the leaders of both parties. In Leeds, which at the last election returned a Conservative candidate at the head of the poll, the Liberal managers have despaired of securing more than two seats out of three. Mr. BAINES has been selected as one of the two candidates, in conjunction with a violent local agitator; but the harmony of the party has been disturbed by the independent candidature of Sir A. FAIRBAIRN as a moderate Liberal. It is admitted that there will be one Conservative member, and it is possible that the Government may secure a second seat; but the opinions of the new electors are for the present unknown. The constituency of the neighbouring borough of Bradford has been increased fourfold by the Reform Bill, and it is therefore probable that the former electors of Leeds have been similarly swamped. At Liverpool, lately represented by two Conservative members, the three seats are contested by two candidates on either side; and fortunately neither party has selected a demagogue as its representative. At Manchester Mr. BAZLEY, Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, and Mr. ERNEST JONES have coalesced; and the moderate Liberals who have hitherto controlled one or both of the seats are probably outnumbered by the new constituents. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT openly avows his approval of the principles of Mr. ERNEST JONES, who is well known as the advocate of a redistribution of landed property. When proposals of such a nature are impending, it is a melancholy reflection that the conservation of social and political institutions is entrusted to Mr. DISRAELI and his followers. The fall of the Irish Church will probably be followed by a reconstruction of parties; but in the meantime the Liberal party will include in its ranks the most irreconcilable adversaries. Mr. BRIGHT's influence, and the preponderance of his party, will probably defeat the efforts of the

minority in Birmingham, and by rigid adherence to the dictates of the Liberal managers four members of the party may perhaps be returned for the City of London; but the Committee which has undertaken the management of the election is so thoroughly frightened as to betray its alarm in a violent and incoherent address. The Committee denounce the inconsistency of constitutional candidates who propose to destroy the constitution of the City, by "offering up at the call of faction" a franchise exercised without interruption for upwards of "six hundred years." In other words, the Conservatives desire to return one, two, or three candidates, nor have they at any time proposed to curtail the excessive representation of the City. It seems that, if the Conservatives succeed, their representatives will not be members, but "delegates to register the decree of the Peers." "It would be said of London 'She would, and she would not.'" "At every division her pigeon's pair would evaporate in neutral effervescence." At present the representation of minorities "is made by Parliament *experimentum in corpore vili*, partially applied to four large towns as a penalty on their Liberal proclivities." Such is the good sense, the logic, and the style of Mr. GOSCHEN's constituents. Even a Committee of citizens must know that the experiment has been applied to Conservative counties as well as to Liberal boroughs, and that it was earnestly deprecated by Mr. DISRAELI. The main objections to the scheme are that it serves as an argument for equalizing electoral districts, and that it tends to diminish the freedom of personal choice, and to place elections, after the American fashion, in the hands of professional jobbers. The result on the general balance of parties will probably be imperceptible, and there has never been an election in which the loss or gain of half a dozen votes was so unimportant. The strong majority which is invoked by zealous reformers is virtually secured. The use to which Mr. GLADSTONE will put the great force at his disposal is altogether uncertain.

DISARMAMENT.

IT is announced that the Emperor of the FRENCH is about to make some reduction in the army, which, if it does not really alter the military position of France, may at least be accepted as a pledge of his intention to preserve the peace of Europe. It is only natural that he should think the time is come when, if by any means a change of feeling can be produced, he should do all in his power to allay apprehension, to let loose the hoard of capital stored up so uselessly in the Bank of France, and relieve his subjects from the depression of trade and enterprise which has long been heavily weighing on them. Rumour has even said that he is willing to do something a little more effectual for this purpose than merely to send a few thousand soldiers for a time to their homes. Negotiations are stated to have been resumed with the Italian Government for the evacuation of Rome by the French troops; and even if the Italian Government, as is by no means improbable, considers it beneath its dignity to enter into fresh arrangements with regard to Rome, yet the EMPEROR can always recall his troops when he pleases, and he may have suggested that the recall was not unlikely to take place, in order to see whether the French public approved of it. There has even been a whisper of a much grander and larger project, and the EMPEROR is said to have some idea of making an appeal to all European Powers to disarm, and to agree on some scale by which their military levies are henceforth to be regulated. Such a project would find great favour in many quarters. War is, we are thankful to say, growing more and more unpopular with all sensible persons; and although democracy has passions of its own which occasionally tend to plunge nations under popular Governments into wars of the maddest and most reckless kind, yet, on the whole, it is unquestionably true that the more those who suffer most by war have power in their hands, the more reluctant nations will be to go to war for trifles. It also becomes more and more obvious to every one, as the desire for wealth and material well-being increases, that it is a sad waste of human industry and strength that the flower of the population should be abstracted from industry. The larger and more remote causes which make wars more unpopular, and bind nations over to keep the peace, are gaining in force and in the width of the sphere over which they operate. Particular nations also, which happen to be placed in very favourable circumstances, may learn to do with a much smaller military force than that to which they have been accustomed. The notion, for example, that the financial position of Spain might be safely retrieved by a very large reduction in the number of troops under arms, is by no means a wild one.

Supposing a Government were established in Spain commanding general approval and confidence, the country would require nothing but a mere handful of troops actually ready for war. Offensive warfare is quite out of the question for Spanish statesmen; and Spain is not in the least likely to be invaded, and could resist an invader almost as well without a large regular army as with one. But when we have once said that Europe generally is learning to find war more and more distasteful to it, and that each nation, if so minded, will probably take advantage of any exceptional circumstances to reduce its army, we have, we fear, said all that it is safe to say. It seems scarcely possible to believe that any scheme of disarmament by general agreement could be agreed upon, or could endure even if for a moment it were accepted; and, although that is a much smaller matter, it is also difficult to see how Bourses are to be reanimated, and commercial confidence revived, by any such steps as the Emperor of the FRENCH is said now to contemplate.

Of the great Powers, there are three which certainly cannot and will not disarm. Austria is inclined to do everything as cheaply as possible, and would be glad to escape every burden that she could escape; but her position as regards the East of Europe is so peculiar that she cannot avoid having a large army. She may wish to keep the peace, but she is bordered on the Lower Danube by neighbours who delight in nothing so much as driving matters continually to the very verge of war. She must keep a force that will convince Roumanians and Servians and Bulgarians, and all the other unsatisfactory people who dwell in those regions, that if they choose to get up a disturbance she will have her say in the matter, and be able to make her voice respected. If she were relieved from all fear of a war between Germany and France, she might want perhaps an army something smaller than she has got; but until the Eastern question is more settled than it is now, she must keep an imposing force in a state of readiness and efficiency. Russia and England neither can nor will disarm. Russia wants a large army because in Europe she has to hold Poland, and to hold it so tightly that it may, if possible, be squeezed into such a union with her that Poles will forget they are Poles and begin to think themselves Russians. This may be a wrong or a tyrannical policy, but it is the policy the Russians have deliberately chosen as the only one really conducive to their interests, and it is absurd to suppose that they will forego it. In Asia, Russia goes on annexing several hundred square miles a month, and she will naturally say that this is an Asiatic affair, with which European Powers have nothing to do, and that she wants a vast body of troops in order to keep in subjection the territories she annexes. For ourselves, we all of us feel that, if any one could point out how England could reduce her army, we should welcome him as the greatest benefactor we could have. But, so far as Europe goes, we have disarmed. We have no troops available for a European war. We want our most expensive, but not numerically great, force in order to hold India, and to protect ourselves at home and our possessions in every quarter of the world. The general disarmament of Europe is thus reduced to the disarmament of Prussia and France. Is there any hope that Prussia will disarm? To disarm so as to remove effectually all the apprehensions of France would be to abandon her whole military system. What frightened the Emperor of the FRENCH was to find that the Prussian army consisted really of almost all able-bodied Prussian males, and that this vast force did not exist only on paper, but was a reality, was admirably organized, would fight with a bravery and skill that few nations could rival, and could actually be brought on the field in a very rapid and effectual manner. The number of troops which Prussia keeps actually under arms is by no means large when compared with her resources and with the place she now holds in Europe, and it is not likely to be much reduced. The new provinces which Prussia has acquired seem to obey her quietly simply because they must do so, and have no means of resisting her overwhelming force; and the minor States clustered under her protection, and the dependence of which on her constitutes the greatness of her position, ask for one thing in return for this subjection, and that is safety—not merely the chance of safety, but the promise of safety assured by the visible sign of her great military strength. Prussia could not disarm without falling back into something like the position which she held before the battle of Sadowna, and she is not much more likely to do that voluntarily than we are to make a present of the Channel fleet to the French. There is only France left. France can of course disarm if she pleases. The EMPEROR can undo his work. He can repeal the new law with regard to the army which it cost him so much trouble to get his people to accept. But, besides

that it is very unlikely he will do so, this obviously has nothing to do with a general scheme of disarmament.

It is quite a different thing when we pass from the consideration of such a general scheme to the consideration of measures taken merely to give momentary confidence, and to make the public believe that war is not imminent. If the Emperor of the FRENCH sends a small body of troops on furlough, he may thereby convince his neighbours that he is not going to attack them in the next few weeks, but he does nothing to mitigate the evils attendant on the existence of such huge standing armies as Europe now supports. Industry will not profit by it, the conscription will not fall less severely on the population, no appreciable difference will be made in the burden of taxation. The step is not supposed to have any other significance than that which may attach to it as a pledge that he who, of all Frenchmen, must have the best means of knowing, does not consider the outbreak of war as near as many people suppose. But that is all. If he were to wish for war, or if he were threatened with war, he would be just as ready to make war as he would have been if these men had not been sent home. The danger of war is only averted so far as this danger is caused or increased by the expectation of war. Even if he recalled his troops from Rome, no one would see in it any real pledge of peace. It is not improbable that he may, in his own interest, in order to diminish his expenses and to have more troops at hand, recall his troops from Rome. But he will do so because he will by that time have assured himself that all that could be done if the troops stayed in Rome may be done equally well if they are recalled. Ever since the re-occupation after the last inroad of the Garibaldians, it has been his object to guard Rome against a *coup-de-main*. Very elaborate precautions have been taken to make this impossible. Works have been constructed which the Pope's force, if it will but stick by him, can easily hold until a French fleet can bring in a force against which all invaders would be powerless. The EMPEROR has done at Rome exactly what the Belgians have tried to do at Antwerp. The expensive fortifications by which Antwerp has been protected have had only one object. Antwerp could not resist a French fleet and army; but Antwerp, if properly fortified, would, the Belgians thought, be certain to hold out long enough for the English fleet to arrive there and relieve it. If the French troops are recalled, the world will therefore see no alteration in the present state of things further than that it will be known that the EMPEROR has satisfied himself that Rome may be effectually guarded from Toulon. Timid capitalists will easily measure such pledges of peace at their proper value. They are worth something, but they are not worth much. They prove that the EMPEROR wishes people to believe that peace will last until something new happens, and that he would be glad to see the general uneasiness diminished. But their value is rather negative than positive. They do not so much convince the commercial public that war is unlikely, as they convince it that the French Government is not for the moment doing anything to provoke a war, and to stir up ill-feeling between France and her neighbour. But, in the midst of the utmost distrust as to the prospects of peace that has lately prevailed, the belief has been almost universal that the EMPEROR himself did not wish for a war, and the fear felt was lest he should be forced into a war of which he did not approve. A slight reduction in the French army would not therefore indicate any new policy in the EMPEROR, but would merely indicate that he saw a little more clearly his way to making his peaceful policy prevail; and it may be apprehended that it was from perceiving how little this really came to, that those who long for peace have invented, or caught at, the project for a general disarmament.

AMERICA.

AS the contest for the Presidency proceeds, both parties find it their interest to avoid the subject of the National Debt. Those who have watched the progress of the controversy generally incline to the opinion that a great majority favours the payment of the debt in greenbacks, or the equally fraudulent project of a forcible reduction of interest; but Mr. BUTLER, who is the most shameless advocate of dishonesty on the Republican side, could only secure his nomination to Congress by a silence on financial subjects which his constituents were careful not to disturb. The announcement in the *Times* that both parties have agreed to reduce the interest is founded on a misapprehension of the statements of a Democratic correspondent, who may perhaps be tainted with the

financial heresy of his party. It is remarkable that some months ago a gratuitous apology for the repudiation of the American debt was inserted in the City article of the *Times*, and that it has never since been either retracted or repeated. It is desirable that England, having nothing to gain by American repudiation, should not wantonly divide the discredit of a probably impending fraud. To English observers it is more important to watch those signs of American feeling and opinion which have a less remote bearing on international relations. Many Americans, and those remarkable Englishmen who habitually prefer America to their own country, express much irritation against Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON on account of his courteous and friendly language since his arrival in England. It is urged that he ought to have indicated, in reply to complimentary speeches and addresses, a suppressed resentment corresponding to the feeling which, to do his countrymen justice, has for the last ninety years never been in the smallest degree suppressed in the United States. A critic of respectable character and position says that, although Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON was qualified by ability and character for his post, he ought not to have been appointed, because he was not a genuine representative of the prevalent feeling; and it is true that, if a nation wishes that its Ministers at foreign Courts should reproduce its own most conspicuous vices and follies, an American diplomatist who neither feels nor affects hatred to England ought to have stayed at home. Any other civilized community would have been proud of the tact and good-breeding with which Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON baffled the unseasonable rudeness exhibited at Sheffield; but, while Englishmen were annoyed at incivility offered to a foreign nation, Americans cannot forgive their Envoy for expressing respect or good-feeling for England. Some of the comments on the late exchange of compliments are unhappily well-founded. The profuse flattery of America which has been lately in fashion deserves the contempt which it has incurred. It is not necessary to atone, by professions of remorse or by extravagant adulation, for a venial miscalculation of the comparative military resources of the Northern and Southern States. Two years after the beginning of the civil war only few persons on either side of the Atlantic foresaw the total defeat of the insurgent States; and if the Confederacy had established its independence, the impropriety of exclusive Northern partisanship would have been universally recognised. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, a life-long Democrat belonging to a slave State, remembers what English declaimers appear to have forgotten, that there were two sides to a dispute in which eight millions of American citizens were unanimously opposed to a majority which, at the beginning of the contest, was greatly divided in opinion. It is now as obvious that it would have been advantageous to support the Northern cause, as that it would have been profitable to bet on the winner in the last St. Leger. It was only on the assumption of the ultimate maintenance of the Confederacy that any judicious disputant argued in favour of the abandonment of the contest. The Americans, with all their well-founded national pride, are slow to understand that the passionate adoption by foreigners of either part in a domestic quarrel is an impertinent interference; and they have also forgotten that the hostility which Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON is said not to have adequately expressed dates from a time long anterior to the recent civil war. If Englishmen are to do penance because they are abused, they must confess the supposed sins of GEORGE III. as well as the mistakes of Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord RUSSELL.

No extraordinary sagacity was needed to anticipate the almost incurable character of the rupture. American traditions, founded on the assumed consent and concurrence of the whole body of citizens, furnish no precedent for the coercion of a malcontent local minority. It was always thought possible, and latterly it became certain, that the Southern League would be defeated, but no political theorist could even imagine the machinery by which it could be kept in obedience. For a few months, indeed, after the close of the war, the friendly feeling of the wearied combatants on both sides seemed to offer a hope of genuine reconciliation. Mr. LINCOLN, guided by Mr. SEWARD, had always promised that submission should be followed by entire amnesty; and, if he had lived, his great popularity might have enabled him to heal the wound with the first intimation by restoring constitutional government in all parts of the Union. His successor, after a brief indulgence of his own feelings of resentment against the conquered insurgents, assumed the dictatorial power which had been tacitly entrusted to Mr. LINCOLN, and employed it for the furtherance of Mr. LINCOLN's policy. As it was necessary

to act on some legal hypothesis, Mr. JOHNSON adopted the fiction that the war had been waged by unauthorized rebels who had no power of compromising their respective States. It followed that, as soon as the insurrection was suppressed, the State Governments resumed their functions; but the PRESIDENT, with necessary inconsistency, imposed the condition that they should abolish slavery and repudiate the debt of the Confederate Government. The Republicans have since had no difficulty in proving that Mr. JOHNSON usurped a prerogative which was not attached to his office; but no alternative system afterwards devised offered so fair a prospect of reducing to the lowest possible point the mischievous results of secession. The majority in Congress, still comparatively moderate, demanded that the Southern States should impose on themselves further disabilities by altering the basis of representation, and by disfranchising those who had served the Confederate Government. The abolition of the rule by which the white inhabitants of the South voted in the name of their slaves as well as on their own account, was indisputably just and expedient; but the Southern citizens could not, without degrading themselves, treat their leaders and the best of their countrymen as criminals. Their refusal to concur in the Constitutional Amendment has been followed by the various hostile measures known as the Acts of Reconstruction. The most important enactment of Congress is the institution of universal suffrage, in direct violation of the Constitution, which reserves to the States all regulation of the electoral franchise. The new State Constitutions, embodying the conditions of reconstruction, are nominally in force throughout the greater part of the South, but Virginia, Texas, and Mississippi are not even nominally restored to the Union. In reality, the States of the defunct Confederacy are separated from the North more widely than at the termination of the war. While it is easy to demonstrate the errors which have been committed by the dominant party, it would not be just to blame American statesmen too severely for failing in an almost impossible undertaking. To govern a free and equal Republic against the will of a third of its inhabitants is a hopeless problem. The duty imposed on the conquerors by their victory, of protecting the negroes whom they had liberated, greatly complicated the question. Mr. JOHNSON always maintained that the best security for the freedmen would be found in the benevolence of their former masters, and the same theory has lately been supported by the high authority of General LEE; but the Republicans could scarcely be expected to satisfy themselves with a mere evasion of the difficulty, and their own chimerical project of enabling the negroes to protect themselves by the exercise of the suffrage was in strict conformity with a deep-rooted national superstition. Sooner or later the white Americans of the South will discover some arrangement of the kind which European publicists call a *modus vivendi*, or practical compromise with the North. The negroes, as the weaker party, will in all probability be victims, and they have their Republican patrons to thank in some degree for the oppression to which they are already exposed.

The intolerable prospect of negro supremacy furnishes no justification for violence, because the evil is evidently in its nature temporary. It is as an excuse for the indulgence of savage passions, rather than as an injustice, that the concession of apparent political power to the freedmen has proved itself a dangerous blunder. In a riot which lately occurred at a small town in Georgia, a body of negroes who had been instigated by two or three white demagogues to hold a political meeting were attacked and maltreated by the inhabitants of the place with extreme ferocity. The Legislature of the same State, elected under the new Constitution, has, in direct violation of the avowed intention of Congress, expelled all its members who were tainted with negro blood. The premature reaction will make the triumph of the Republican candidate for the Presidency certain, and the disturbances in Georgia will be restrained by a renewed military occupation; but the general condition of the South shows that reconstruction has not even begun. In Tennessee, where a portion of the white citizens belong to the Republican party, the Democrats have thought it expedient to canvass for the negro vote. If the freedmen would be content to exercise their newly acquired rights in subordination to the superior race, the grant of the franchise, being rendered nugatory, would be also harmless; but the Republicans will easily outbid their adversaries in offers to the coloured voters. The only claim of the Northern Democrats to public confidence is founded on their desire to revive the political co-operation of their party with the white population of the South. It is idle to talk of reconstruction while Republican orators from a thousand platforms are daily proving

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to admiring crowds that the Confederates were unpardonable rebels. A famous English statesman avowed his incapacity to draw an indictment against a whole people; but stump speakers have no hesitation in rushing in where BURKE feared to tread. It matters little, except for purposes of historical discussion, whether several millions of insurgents were traitors or patriots. If, indeed, the United States resembled the Russian Empire in character and in institutions, the South might be subjected, like another Poland, to utter ruin and extermination; but, at least in internal transactions, the bark of an American party is always worse than its bite. The most rampant Republicans have no serious desire of punishing the opponents whom they incessantly denounce as criminals, and perhaps they may be sometimes aware that the boasted perfection of American democracy would be impaired by its utter failure in one half of the national territory. It is fortunate that the future President, while he will represent the Republican party, is apparently a prudent and dispassionate politician. General GRANT warmly approved of Mr. JOHNSON's early attempts to restore the South almost unconditionally to the Union, and his subsequent quarrel with the PRESIDENT has probably not altered his opinions. The next Congress also, although it will be adorned by the presence of General BUTLER, will perhaps have learned moderation from experience.

A STATESMAN ON THE STUMP.

WE do not wish to be at all uncivil to Mr. GLADSTONE, but the Stump suggests the Magpie—the Magpie and the Stump. Now the magpie is a chattering fowl; and never was the great orator so rich, full-flowing, redundant, and copious as he has been this week. Pleonasm best describes the pleonastic. Warrington two hours, Liverpool two hours and a bit—Tuesday's *Times* five columns and a-half, Thursday's *Times* five columns and three-quarters. Mr. GLADSTONE's ten objections, and Mr. DISRAELI's five principles; hammer and tongs; as ten is to five—that is to say, as two is to one—so is the Premier expectant to the Premier possident. And this is about true; hammer has it as against tongs; GLADSTONE is to DISRAELI as two to one, but it is a weariness to the flesh to have this single fact—and, golden as it is, it is but a very small speck of gold—beaten out into a wire more than ten columns of the *Times* long and thin, i.e. exactly two hundred and fifty-one inches of stretching type in extension, and a single sentence in bulk. CODLIN's the friend, not SHORT—this is the sum and substance of Mr. GLADSTONE's amplified speechification. And CODLIN is the friend; but we at any rate should be more satisfied if CODLIN were not so plaguey exuberant in displaying his merits, and all the little sly kindnesses he has done us. It is of the perversity of human nature that all this should make us look at even SHORT almost favourably, who for the moment is out of sight, or at any rate who is not just now giving us an Edinburgh oration, and telling us how he acted schoolmaster, with that torrent of reminiscences, and all in his own favour, in which loquacious and verbose CODLIN expatiates so freely on his own unparalleled merits. If he who excuses himself suggests an accusation, so the man who is forced to dilate so profusely on his own good deeds hints at the suspicion that they may have been overlooked. To epitomize and distinguish Mr. GLADSTONE's catalogue of his own services, we may summarily state that at Warrington he enlarged upon his economical excellences, and at Liverpool upon his pre-eminence as a Reformer.

On the former occasion Mr. GLADSTONE was bountiful enough with his facts, but he very prudently, and indeed properly, evaded the conclusion which, if the facts are worth anything, he ought to have drawn. It is quite true that the expenditure of the country has increased; it is quite true that Mr. GLADSTONE has been consistent enough in his constant protest against the expenditure of the country; it is quite true that the expenditure has leapt up during Lord DERBY's and Mr. DISRAELI's tenure of office; it is quite true that this increased expenditure has been mostly owing to the cost of the army and navy; it is quite true that war, and more particularly rumours of war and readiness for war at every moment, lead to a prodigious waste of money; and it is quite true that, as improvements in scientific destruction of human life are always advancing, the attempt to keep up martial efficiency always lags behind martial requirements, and that we no sooner get a good equipment, a good ship, a good fort, or a good gun, than we are obliged to pull it to pieces, or to throw it away and buy a better. But what is the use of this truth unless it is followed by some practical conse-

quences? There is only one conclusion which ought to follow—it is to let the whole thing go; to wait till perfection comes to us, and in the meantime to spend nothing. If a man says that it is of no use to spend time and soap on washing his hands because they are sure to get dirty again, he must have fully made up his mind to keep his hands always dirty; because, if he has not done this, all his eloquence about the profligate expenditure on soap is mere talk. If Mr. GLADSTONE, counting the cost—and nobody can accuse him of reluctance or reticence in counting the cost—means, when he has his way, to let the army and navy go on as they can, we should be much obliged to him to say so. That policy has something to say for itself, and Mr. GLADSTONE is the man to say that something. The only fault of it, to Mr. GLADSTONE, would be that it is so very intelligible, so very clear, so very open to the meanest intelligence to grasp. It needs but a single sentence to say this. Why is it not said? If this is what Mr. GLADSTONE means, he ought to say so; if he does not mean it, he ought not to say what he is constantly saying. Does he say that he intends to cut down the army and navy expenditure? Does he say that there is any one branch of expenditure in which “I intend, as soon as I have the chance, to spend nothing, or to spend less than is spent now”? He says no such thing. On the Army and Navy Estimates it has been proved that additional expenditure could not have been avoided without impairing efficiency. It is open to him to say that efficiency—as the City parson said about theology—may be hanged; but, not saying this, he says nothing; and he says worse than nothing, because he affects to be saying something which is nothing. This aggravates people with Mr. GLADSTONE; the attack on the Government for extravagant and unjustifiable expenditure is a mere feint and a false attack. It may be that Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI deserve no credit whatever for the present efficiency of the defences of the country, if they are effective, which may be doubted. But the Minister who resolves that the defences of the country shall, or may for aught he cares, remain inefficient, carries another than his official life in his hand. And if Mr. GLADSTONE has the courage, or patriotism, or whatever it is, to take office on this understanding, it would do him the highest credit to announce it. It may suit Mr. VERNON HARCOURT to suggest to the uneducated classes that they would, if they were in power, never go to war under any circumstances. The popular feeling against “BONEY” two generations ago, and what we all remember of the sentiments of the uneducated classes during the Crimean war and in the Trent crisis, point the other way as to the mere matter of fact. But the uneducated classes may have learned political wisdom rapidly; and if Mr. GLADSTONE is assured that we shall get on very well without being ready for war, and is prepared to risk it, let him say so; and we shall have to compliment him on his courage, and—which at present we are not able to do—on his openness of counsel.

So about Reform. Mr. GLADSTONE has studied HOMER so much that he has quite contracted the true Homeric manner and roll. He is a rhapsodist. He goes about the cities singing the same lays with the same sonorous amplification, the same sumptuous roll and flow of iteration—the same *ton d'apameibomenos*, the same swift-footed ACHILLES, the same godlike Greeks, the same JOVE-detested Trojans. The divine song is ever old, and ever to the unwearied singer fresh and new. The audience at any rate is not the same, and the bard has all the tale at his fingers' ends. Epithets, incidents, episodes, all the details of the long-resounding epic, are apt to be just a trifle wearisome, if we read over and over again the acts of AGAMEMNON, or if for the twentieth time we are told of the Battle of the Ships; and even so, is not the Liverpool speech all written in the book of the Chronicle of HOMER-SHAM COX, and do we not know all about it—how the Reform Bill is Mr. GLADSTONE's Reform Bill, and not BEN SHORT's? Then there is the Compound Householder. Mr. GLADSTONE cannot let his ghost lie. He summons him from the shades, and holds secret converse with the deceased old Bogey across the Styx. But all the King's horses and all the King's men, and even Mr. GLADSTONE himself, King of men though he be, cannot bring the Compound Householder back again; and Mr. GLADSTONE has given us once before, and he will give us once again, the plaintive elegy and eulogy of the Compound Householder. That is what Mr. GLADSTONE says, and most of it is very true and very good, only rather flat and stale; and there is nothing so tedious as a thrice-told tale, especially if every time it is told it takes longer and longer to tell it. But then, as we know, NESTOR was the wisest of men, and the longer he lived the more he gave way to a fine flux

of talk, and the longer he talked the longer his talk was. After all, it is much more important to inquire, what is it that Mr. GLADSTONE does not say? For if his garrulity is as silver, his silence, by reason of its rarity, is golden. What he does not say is how it came to pass that his own Reform Bill was not a bit like either the Reform Bill which is, and which he so mainly helped to make, and takes so much credit for making, or the Reform Bill which it ought to have been, and which his own party would not help him to make it. What is true of the Liverpool utterances about Reform is true also of the Liverpool utterances about the Irish Church. In either case, what Mr. GLADSTONE ought to have done, in order to complete his case against his rival, and at once to defeat him at every point, would have been to show that the disestablishment of the Church—not only now, as things stand, and here where we are on this very Thursday night—not only is, but always was, the right and the only possible policy. Because, to enlarge on the accepted platitude that this is the only right course under the circumstances of the existing situation, is only to show a speaker's command over words. What Mr. GLADSTONE had to show, and did not attempt to show, was that this always was accepted by true and consistent and proved Liberals, and by statesmen, as the right policy. What Mr. GLADSTONE did not account for—as he never has accounted for, and we suppose never will account for it—is the fact that all his colleagues, Lord RUSSELL, Sir GEORGE GREY, and every other statesman of name, always with one voice pronounced against the policy of disestablishment. What Mr. GLADSTONE, with all his confidential revelations, did not reveal at Liverpool was, how it came to pass that six weeks before he pronounced against the one Establishment for Ireland, Earl RUSSELL had solemnly pronounced for three Establishments for Ireland. Mr. GLADSTONE must have admitted, if he had revealed the great political secret of his sudden movement, that the endowment of the Roman community was still, as it had always been, the statesman's policy and the only statesman's policy; but that he had taken another line, and had abandoned that plan for the pacification of Ireland which from PITT to RUSSELL had been a prime article of faith, either because he thought the time had come when all established communions must fall, or simply because disestablishment was a ready lever for forcing down his rival's administration, or a convenient mode of party assault. At Liverpool Mr. GLADSTONE, in search of a plausible reason for his conversion, attributes it to Mr. MAGUIRE's book on the Irish in America. This looks very like an *ex post facto* justification. At any rate, Mr. GLADSTONE stands alone in submitting to Mr. MAGUIRE's arguments. Earl RUSSELL was not so susceptible, for he wrote his letter recommending the endowment of the Roman Church in Ireland months after the appearance of Mr. MAGUIRE's book. Of course all that we have said as to what Mr. GLADSTONE does not tell us has been said a hundred times before, but Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches always compel iteration and repetition. The conclusion of the whole matter—a conclusion which, as we have repeated, so we shall have to repeat—is that during the present week Mr. GLADSTONE has said everything that he has said before, and said it with a wonderful redundancy and copiousness of speech; but the only important matters which we should like to know, we know as little about as ever, and yet exactly as much as we ever shall know.

MONCRIEFF BATTERIES.

CAPTAIN MONCRIEFF'S invention, which has just come to light, is in many respects the most wonderful that has been announced for many years. It is wonderful for the immediate and complete success which has attended the first experimental trial—a trial made as severe as the ingenuity of experienced officers could make it. It is wonderfully important too for the enormous saving which it will effect—a saving measured by many millions—in the protection of our coasts. It is not less wonderful for having at one stroke reversed the conditions of war, and given the advantage unequivocally to the defence—a benefit of immeasurable value to a country like this, which arms only for the sake of peace and security. It is very wonderful, again, for its extreme simplicity—a simplicity so beautiful that every one who hears of it, and who has a grain of comprehension for the subject, can only exclaim, as one is always tempted to do with every really great and genuine invention, "Why was 'not this thought of long ago?'" But the crowning wonder of the whole is that the invention was actually made during the Crimean war some ten years ago, and that nearly the whole intervening time has been spent in efforts, till lately

unavailing, to get the professional and official mind to see that there was any invention at all. For all these ten years the high officials who have to decide on matters connected with the armament of our troops and our forts have steadily refused to perceive that Captain MONCRIEFF's system was worthy of a trial; and, during this same interval, these wise engineering and artillery authorities have actually been spending about 5,000,000*l.* in the construction of forts which Captain MONCRIEFF's discovery had already rendered useless, and worse than useless. Five millions gone from official obtuseness and neglect since the invention was made—this is the measure of the money value which the invention would have had in ten years only. Unfortunately this has been lost through that system of soldier-economy which has been so much in favour of late with the admirers of STORKS-BALFOUR finance. What the ultimate saving due to the invention will be is something which baffles calculation. Not only does it render unnecessary all the costly apparatus of built-up forts with shields at 1,000*l.* per gun, but it makes us absolutely safer without them; and the structures which have been absorbing so much money on Portsdown Hill and a score of other places are not only not required, but are absolutely mischievous, and must of course be pulled down with all possible despatch. What might not the country save if there were but a grain of intelligence and insight in those who are allowed to control its expenditure!

It is a pleasanter task to contemplate the triumph of Captain MONCRIEFF's genius than to dwell further on the dulness of those who have so long thwarted it; so we will pass at once to the consideration of what it is that the inventor proposed to himself, and what he has actually accomplished. The sole object of all fortifications is to enable great guns to be used for the destruction of an enemy, while the guns themselves, and those who serve them, are protected from attack. Two methods have long been in use—one, the barbette system; the other, the embrasure system. On the former the gun was mounted so as just to peer over the top of an impenetrable parapet; but the defect of it was, that there the guns stood permanently exposed to the fire of the enemy, and that the gunners were equally exposed during the whole process of loading and laying the piece. The accuracy attained with modern arms had become so great that enfilading and ricochet fire for a comparatively short time was enough to disable almost any barbette battery. To make the guns and men a little safer the embrasure method was adopted. On this plan it is true that the gun and gunners were kept below the level of the parapet, but to enable the gun to be fired it was necessary to pierce the parapet in front of it; and if any lateral range had to be attained, the opening jaws of the embrasure were necessarily very wide, and formed a convenient funnel into which a hostile force might pour round-shot, shell, grape, and rifle-balls at discretion. Even two or three good riflemen in a hole opposite so excellent a target were often found sufficient to keep down the fire of a huge piece of ordnance, and to inflict heavy loss on those who attempted to work it; and though something was done, by moveable mantelets, to screen the men from rifle-bullets, there was no way of protecting either them or their gun from the incessant pounding of artillery. The upshot was that any fortress in the world was bound to succumb after a sufficiently persistent attack.

Captain MONCRIEFF proposed to change all these conditions, and he has done it. If he could only do away with embrasures, and keep the gunners always safe behind the parapet, and the gun itself equally safe except for a second or so while it was delivering its fire, the great end would be achieved. All that was wanted was some contrivance for lifting the gun above the parapet at the moment of firing, and bringing it down again, just as a rifleman under cover might lift up his rifle, fire over a wall, and then drop down into a position of perfect safety. But a rifle weighs 10 pounds, and a great gun may weigh 10 or 20 tons or even more, and the apparently hopeless problem was to handle this huge mass of metal with the same speed and facility as a common musket. The desirableness of some such contrivance was of course obvious to every artillery officer, and indeed to all persons who had devoted a moment's thought to the subject. Some speculated on the possibility of obtaining the required mobility by means of hydraulic force, but this idea was soon abandoned, and the problem given up in despair. And yet, though they could not see it, the requisite force was there, inseparable from the gun, not only running to waste, but doing all the mischief it could by shaking and tearing platforms to pieces, and worrying the souls of engineers in their endeavours to neutralize it. If they could only get rid of recoil, they could easily build platforms on any ground, strong enough

to stand for ever. Recoil was considered in the service as the bane of all constructive engineering, and yet all the while it was the best friend of the fortification-maker—the one thing needed to make his work perfect. It never seems to have occurred to any one before Captain MONCRIEFF (or, if it did, the idea never fructified) that the recoil might be made a servant, and not a master; and that, instead of letting it expend its strength on the destruction of carriages and platforms, it might be used to do the one thing that was wanted—to lift the gun above the parapet at the moment of firing, and deposit it gently below in a place of safety the instant after the shot was delivered. This was the simple idea of Captain MONCRIEFF's invention, and the mode of applying it is as simple as the idea itself. Imagine a fowling-piece fixed to the top of the back of a rocking-chair, and fired. The chair rolls back with the recoil, smoothly and evenly, without the slightest jar; and, if caught and stopped at the lowest position, the gun may be loaded, and the chair let go, when it must instantly roll back to recover its balance, and bring the gun once more to the top. Fire the gun again, and the process repeats itself; and so we have our gun always fired from a high position, and instantly brought to a lower level, to be again prepared for action. This is the whole essence of Captain MONCRIEFF's device. The rocking-chair—the elevator, as it is called—weighs some six tons, and the weight is so distributed that in the position of equilibrium the gun is at the highest point. The bottom of the elevator is rounded like the rollers of the rocking-chair, and the instant the gun is fired the recoil sets the machine rolling, and brings down the gun some feet below the parapet. There it is stopped by a common catch or pawl working on a toothed wheel, like that which every one has seen on a windlass or a crane. When the gun is loaded the pawl is removed by a handle, the gun springs up, the shot is fired, and down comes the piece again to the loading position. A simple contrivance, called the carriage—which is nothing but a bar pivoted to the gun at one end, and riding along an inclined plane at the other—keeps the piece horizontal throughout the movement, and by means of a looking-glass the gun is aimed, while in the loading position, without requiring even the man who lays it to expose himself for a moment. As we have said, when this great invention—great because of its simplicity—was presented to the authorities years ago, they could not see that there was anything in it, and, what was worse, they would not allow Captain MONCRIEFF to show them. At last, after ten years, the permission is given, and instantly the machine works—as it could not but work—with absolute success.

The gun with which the new apparatus was tested was a 7-inch gun, weighing about seven tons—a sufficiently formidable mass to deal with on a first experiment. The first few shots were intended simply to try whether the machine would work, but, before two short days of practice were over, the artillerymen employed in this unaccustomed duty found that they could equal in accuracy, and surpass in speed, anything which they had ever been able to do when firing through an open embrasure. As the trials went on, the severity of the tests was increased; and on the second day nearly all the practice was at a target moving in an oblique line, so as at each moment to alter both its distance and its angular position. Excellent practice was made at this, and at other times the men behind the parapet got their orders, while loading, to fire first at one, then at another of the targets, which were fixed in different positions and at different ranges. Each time the shot flew as truly as if the protected artillerymen had been standing in the open, with a full view of the object aimed at; and before the close of the second day, ten 7-inch projectiles had been sent, according to orders, to the various targets in less than 19 minutes—a speed which it is expected will yet be surpassed when the men have become more used to their work. But a much more remarkable feat followed. The usual gun-detachment of ten men will hardly be thought too strong a force to handle a weapon weighing, without its adjuncts, as much as seven tons, and with them between twenty and thirty; but so perfect is the balance with the MONCRIEFF-mounting, that three men loaded, worked, laid, and fired the gun with comparative ease. After two or three rounds the three artillerymen managed to reduce the interval between successive shots to less than $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes; and as the gunners would be almost as safe from casualties with an enemy before them as at Shoeburyness, it would be possible at a pinch, with scarcely any loss of efficiency, to keep up the fire of a battery with less than one-third of its proper complement. If these experiments proved how smoothly and easily the machine could be handled, another satisfactorily

showed how hard it would be to put it out of order. During an interval in the firing the whole apparatus was clogged with heaps of sand and gravel ingeniously shovelled wherever they were likely to prove most obstructive, and a few seconds' broom-work put everything to rights again. The ingenuity of the Committee was at length exhausted, and the experiments concluded without having exhibited a single weak point in the invention. No serious difficulty need be anticipated in constructing elevators for guns of any weight, and so far as land batteries are concerned, a hole in the ground must henceforth supersede every other contrivance. A rifle-pit has long been the most effective station for a sharpshooter, and now that great guns can be handled, or rather made to handle themselves, as quickly as a soldier can present a musket, the same method is equally applicable to them. Nor have we even yet come to the end of the capabilities of Captain MONCRIEFF's happy discovery. The recoil supplies power enough not only to move the gun as required, but to do any other kind of work that may be asked from it; and when, as is the case with the larger ordnance, the shot used is unmanageably heavy, it is intended to employ the stored-up force of the recoil to raise it to the cannon's mouth. Other new developments will be wanted, and doubtless will be found, to meet the various special conditions under which guns may be used by land or sea, and already we hear suggestions that the MONCRIEFF elevator may surpass the turret on board ship as completely as the turret eclipses the broadside armament. More experiments will be needed before any such results can be attained, but the invention contains so vast an element of power that it would be difficult at present to say where it will stop. It has already done two great things. It has abolished forts, and it has, after a long struggle, conquered an amount of stolid official resistance which would have done credit even to the Board of Admiralty.

NO POPERY.

THE MURPHY riots have had one good effect. They have revealed to the eyes of politicians the height and depth of the No-Popery feeling in England. A great number of sensible people have been for years dreaming that it had gone to sleep in the same limbo as the belief in witchcraft, astrology, and the Cock Lane Ghost. But it is as much awake and as lively as ever. It has lost perhaps some classes of adherents, but what has been taken away in quality has been made up to it in quantity. There are scattered throughout the vast strata of the middle and lower classes of society myriads of persons, of blameless reputation and moderate capacity, who believe that the POPE is Antichrist, and that his mission is to devour innocent Protestants. These people are on most subjects perfectly sane. They do not dispute that two and two make four; they will accept without question the pretensions of the hypotenuse; and they do not combat the doctrine of gravitation. It is only fair to add that, in their social relations, they are for the most part quiet and inoffensive. They do not knock down the foot-passengers they meet in the streets, or bonnet the policemen as they go their rounds. They do not throw stones at their neighbours' windows, or bellow opprobrious epithets at their doors. They are generally regular in the payment of rates and taxes, and go to church or chapel with devout punctuality. But ever and anon they are subject to paroxysms of the most frightful and uncontrollable passion. They become purple in the face, they foam at the mouth, and they lose all command over their tongues. The mild blandness of their habitual address is exchanged for a fierceness of demeanour which the innocence of their wonted beverages alone shields from the imputation of drunkenness. They howl, shout, or stammer unconnected anathemas against the Scarlet Lady, Babylon, and the Beast. They are haunted by strange sights, hear supernatural sounds, and arm themselves for a spiritual Armageddon. While they are in this state, there is no coming near them. They will resent as an insult the plainest statement of facts, and fly into a passion at the multiplication table.

A sentiment so intense as this presents too facile an instrument for political or religious fanaticism to leave untouched. Mr. MURPHY has, therefore, had his imitators on many platforms and in more pulpits. Among the latest performers on the drum ecclesiastic is the Dean of CARLISLE, who has circulated an Evangelical rescript among the electors of that city. The Dean of CARLISLE is a sort of Pope himself among Low Church folk, and his circular breathes the fears and logic of the Papacy. He begins by telling the electors that, according as they give their votes for or against the friends of Irish dis-

establishment, they vote against or for the general principle of an Established Church. He then reminds them that wherever religion has become national, there it has resulted in an established Church. He next warns them that any nation without a national Church is a nation without God. So strongly does he prize this axiom that he repeats it in other forms. *Ergo*, there ought to be an Established Church for the English nation, and, unless Ireland is included in its embrace, the whole nation is godless. Here it seems to have struck the Dean that some low utilitarian might question the services and utility of the Irish Establishment. Accordingly he anticipates the objection by a pregnant interrogation to which he furnishes a reply himself. "What has she done," he asks, "to merit this sweeping violation of all her rights, 'privileges, and possessions?' She is the Church of the 'minority! And what of that, if she is the Church of the 'Truth? And if she has not enlarged her borders, the 'British Government is chiefly to blame, for it has always 'frowned on proselytizing in every shape. . . . As DAVID said 'of his enemies, 'I paid them the things which I never 'took,' so, if the property of the Irish Church is taken 'from them and given to Romanists in any shape or 'form, they will take of the things which never belonged 'to them."

Certainly, if no one else is obliged to the Dean for his advocacy, the Liberation Society owes him its deepest gratitude. How at this time of day any man can talk of a Government or nation being religious, apart from the individuals who compose it, passes our comprehension. The Dean has been intimately conversant with what is called the religious world for many years. Long before he dreamed of becoming a Dean, he must have had opportunities of associating with zealots in and out of the Established Church. He must have often found in Cheltenham that the Establishment did not monopolize all religious feeling, and certainly not that kind which is most after his own heart. Supposing that that form of piety which is most grateful to him had been confined to people of the conventicle, and that the Church only reckoned GALLIOS among her members, would he have measured the godliness of Cheltenham by the churchmanship of the indifferent, or by the piety of the Dissenters? Again, Spain and Rome have eminently recognised Christianity by the power and privileges which they have conferred on the Church. Does the Dean consider Spain and Rome then specially godly, apart from the godliness of individual Romans and Spaniards? The Dean's reply, that he is speaking of Evangelical godliness, will not help him. Evangelical piety is a personal thing, entirely distinct from and independent of an Established Church, and, according to some authorities, more likely to flourish without than with an Establishment. It is quite competent for a Government to establish a Church, but it is not competent to make churchmen godly; and it is difficult to imagine a godly nation without a godly people composing it. And what as to Scotland? If there should be one Established Church for the whole realm, it ought to comprehend Scotland. Does the Dean contend that the Established Kirk of Scotland constitutes the national claim to godliness, or that the absence of Episcopacy neutralizes the devotion equally of the Free and the Established Kirk? We leave him to settle this question with Scotchmen, and wish him joy of the controversy. Of course there are other and valid arguments in favour of an Establishment, principally resting upon social and civil considerations, and recognised by all men of sober and judicious tempers. But these the Dean discards for others which will have the peculiar merit of irritating many of his more devotional friends.

The cream of his argument comes last. The Established Church in Ireland is the Church of the minority. "What of 'that, if she is the Church of the Truth?" There is a courage in this question which goes far to compensate for its indiscretion. We are bound to impose a Protestant Church upon a Popish people, because Protestantism is true and Popery is false. Certainly he who can venture to urge this principle of action *Anno Domini* 1868 must be more or less than ordinary men. The Church in Ireland is an eyesore, an affront, and an insult to the bulk of the population. Never mind; it is the Church of the Truth. It helps to irritate the Romish laity, and to goad the Romish priesthood into disloyalty. That is of no moment; it is the Church of the Truth. It makes few or no converts; it does not diffuse the truth which it contains. Still the truth is there, and has been there for three hundred years, and it is the fault of the people that they have not been enlightened by it. There is a terseness in this form of argument which inspires

the regret that it should not be as decisive as it is compendious. "I am right and you are wholly wrong" is so summary a solution of a disputed point that we need not be surprised at its adoption by all parties to the dispute. It is so obvious that it is universally applied, though it labours under the disadvantage that it settles nothing. The Church of Rome has used it for so long a time that she claims a prescriptive monopoly of it. She has been saying little else for centuries. This has been alternately her title to toleration and to persecution. Because she is the Church of the Truth, she has condescended to beg a share of the privileges enjoyed by heretic Churches. Because she is the Church of the Truth, she has refused to concede one jot to the prayers of heretic Churches. Because she was the Church of the Truth, she once burned, tortured, and despoiled. And she had a good plea for what she did. The highest good to which man's soul can attain is the Truth; the greatest evil which could befall any soul would be the exclusion from Truth. *Ergo*, the prevention or punishment of falsehood is the most kindly and beneficent work which any Church can perform for erring souls. On this principle the Church of Rome acted when she burned some heretics to save the souls of others. On this principle she acts now, when she indulges in the infinitesimal persecution which is still permitted by the less tolerant of Catholic States. And, on the same principle, Dean CLOSE wishes the Church of England to imitate her, not by thumbscrewing, burning, or branding, but by worrying, treading on the moral corns and wounding the self-love of a sensitive people.

Much might be said vigorously and effectively by a sensible opponent of Irish disestablishment. It might be urged—and none would more readily recognise the plea than educated Roman Catholic laymen—that, in an age when half-educated Ultramontane priests assume to direct the conduct of rude Irish peasants, it is for the benefit of civilized society that there should be placed in every district, and endowed at the public expense, a man who, independently of his theological opinions, encourages free thought and discussion; who knows what a triangle is, and has imbibed the first rudiments of political economy. Such a line might be advocated without wounding the sensibilities of any class. But this is just the line of argument which is repudiated by Dean CLOSE, Mr. MURPHY, and the No-Popery agitators. They are in the right; their cause is the Truth; their Church is the Church of the Truth; therefore they are to override and trample on all other Churches until they acknowledge their discomfiture. It is a melancholy thing to reflect how little religious enthusiasts learn from history. But the pain of this reflection is assuaged by the knowledge that the bulk of thinking laymen are not religious enthusiasts, and that they have learned to regard piety to God, not only as not inconsistent, but as intimately connected, with justice, toleration, and charity towards their fellow-men. As it was not the Romish priesthood that taught the Church of Rome its first lesson of comparative toleration to heretics, so it will not be from zealous clergymen that the Church of England will imbibe its lessons of moderation and justice towards the Irish Catholics.

GIVING AND TAKING ADVICE.

MEN have made it pretty clear what sort of relish they have for advice by identifying it with that faculty which is privileged to administer nauseous doses. "If advice walks in at one door, I shall walk out at the other," said an old woman resolved to die in her own way; and this resolute disinclination for an opinion is at least as common towards the counsellor as towards the doctor. The impulse to direct our neighbour's course of action is not a popular one. There are times, however, when the duty of administering advice presses upon most of us, and when it seems weak and cowardly to shrink from it. We have a twinge of regret, when things have gone wrong with our friend, that we did not interfere with a strong and weighty judgment before it was too late. It is certainly possible that our word might have told. A visible, even ostentatious, disgust at interference does not necessarily imply that we speak in vain. Yet there are abundant considerations to check any sanguine expectation, and to moderate our regrets if we have let our light lie hid, and allowed what seemed an opportunity to slip by. We are not now speaking of advice that comes with authority, which may more properly be termed instruction, but of the advice of equals, which is given because a man holds himself under particular circumstances to be better informed, clearer-headed, more morally competent, freer from prejudice than his friend. In reflecting whether we ought to act under this persuasion and impose the weight of our individual judgment, there are surely many repressing considerations. In the first place, the majority of

people do not go wrong, or act foolishly or with singularity, without knowing that others so judge their conduct. Custom is the world's advice. The course of action of sensible people constitutes a very intelligible precedent; and when men, in matters of conduct, run counter to it, it is rarely through ignorance. They either think they know better, or they like something else better. The dissentient friend is one of a world defied; he may find it difficult to bring a new class of arguments and dissuaves. Most persons have a stronger repugnance to the opposing judgment of an individual than of a community. Then, if the advice he tenders is merely a private conclusion, unsupported by authority or general opinion, it is the more difficult to avoid an appearance of arrogance or meddling; and yet this is precisely the sort of advice that we see administered with a peculiar sense of conscience and necessity, and with an air which says that it is the recipient's own fault if he does not profit by it. It is here that Barrow, who from the dryness of his tone suggests the idea of his having suffered personally from the zeal of his friends, particularly puts us on our guard. After warning against advising our betters, who should be wiser than we, "at least it becometh not us to declare that we think they are not," he pursues the theme. "We should not, indeed, with any violence or importunity thrust advice upon our equals, or upon any man not subject to our charge who is unwilling to receive it, for this is also exalting ourselves in skill and wisdom above him, and implieth a contemptuous opinion concerning his knowledge, that he is so weak as to need advice, and yet more weak in not seeking it when needful from us." And because those who have the impulse to proffer advice are not easily repressed, he concludes, "Be not obstinate in pressing advice; if thou hast performed the part of a faithful friend and of a good man in advising what seemeth best to thee, that may abundantly satisfy thee; for the rest, *ipse videt*, 'tis his concernment more than thine." The truth is, and it is fact we have all to learn now and then, people do very often know themselves and their own affairs best. It is not only foolish people who are out in their calculations; the wisest and most penetrating make mistakes in judging for others under untried conditions, especially in their powers of self-control, endurance, suffering, or enjoyment. No sympathy can realize the subjugating and transforming powers of circumstances half so well as experience.

Moreover, where advice seems most imperiously called for, and where we are not arrogant in supposing that we could give it with advantage, there are many states which absolutely preclude its reception, and which may well excuse our interference. Somebody has observed that great talkers seclude themselves from good counsel. "Upon a talking person scarce any medicine shall stick." The man wise in his own conceit is impervious; nothing can be done with him, or with such as act in wilful blindness. What old experience can have any chance with a mother bent upon spoiling her son? She can take in an abstract proposition, but she will not apply it. Again, disinclination to the person of the adviser invariably nullifies his counsels. If a man dislikes us, our advice comes under such an enormous disadvantage that it is more likely to confirm him in his own course than to move him to ours. Again, if advice is not well timed it has very little chance; to blurt out our disagreeable suggestions unseasonably, either to rid our conscience of a burden or in mere obtuseness, is to give our panacea a bad name, and attach an ill taste to good counsel which may last a lifetime. This point is, we believe, the one distinction of all persons who are gifted with powers of persuasion; they bide their time; but self-possessed patience is of all things most rare. And yet it does not do to be repelled by coldness to our advances. No advice savouring of reproof does good unless it is received a little testily; perfect, bland good-nature at such a time implies generally that the notion of acting upon or profiting by advice does not even occur to the advised person, whose thoughts are solely occupied in "taking it well." The thing is regarded as a lesson in manners, and when politeness has amiably and graciously done its part the affair is ended. An unpalatable counsel ought to assert its medical affinities by irritating like a leech or blister when it first bites.

Wholesome advice, it must however be allowed, is often unnecessarily bitter. Our readers will recollect where the Antiquary, advising his nephew to renounce his designs upon a young lady as hopeless, insinuates charges of folly, presumption, pride, bad taste, and dull feeling in as many sentences. "Hector," he begins, "I am sometimes inclined to suspect that, in one respect, you are a fool." "If you only think me so in one respect, sir, you do me more grace than I expected or deserve." "I mean in one particular, *par excellence*; I have sometimes thought that you have cast your eyes upon Miss Wardour." "Well, sir," exclaims the angry captain, "I presume to think, sir, there would be no degradation on her part in point of family." "Oh! heaven forbid we should come to that topic—no, no, equal both," is the reply, with further rubs on poor Hector's family pride by proceeding to give reasons for the wise advice to beat a retreat. "I have no occasion to beat a retreat," says the mortified lover, "no man need retreat who has never advanced. There are women in Scotland besides Miss Wardour, of as good family." "And better taste," interposes the uncle. "I doubt much if her merit would not be cast away upon you. A showy figure now, with two cross feathers in her noddle, one green, one blue"—completing the picture with further exasperating touches—"these are qualities that would subdue you." An allusion to the phoca gives the final touch to Hector's temper. "I shall not break my heart for Miss Wardour. She is free to choose for herself." But here is new matter for his tor-

mentor; he finds his nephew wanting in sentiment. "Magnanimously resolved! Why, Hector, I was afraid of a scene. Your sister told me you were desperately in love;" and he concludes that young men have become cold-blooded since his day, or Hector would not take his disappointment so easily.

It throws no small light on a difficulty of our day—the continued existence of Quakerism even in a modified form—to find that the duty of administering advice enters largely into its system. Whatever ritual it can boast centres round this ordinance, and every member—especially every female member—is allowed to look forward to the time when she may enter her neighbour's house, "drop into silence," proclaim "a concern" on some account or other, and be listened to with submissive respect. An authority on the subject describes one of these visits. The interview begins with a proposal to "sit silently for a bit," and the long pause concludes with the announcement that for many weeks it had been on the visitor's mind to sit with her friend "on thy dress, my dear, thy dress." There is nothing too small or too domestic that may not be a subject for this very formidable sort of counselling. When a very "plain Friend," herself garbed in bonnet and skirts of the strictest orthodoxy, delivers herself on the severities of apparel, there is evidently no turning it into a joke. Men may exercise the same privilege, and we have reported verbatim the advice of an elderly male Friend to a young lady on the arrangement of her hair; but he is not equal to the occasion, and his failure quite accounts for the predominance of woman in the society. Instead of the feeling of solemn responsibility by which women are impelled to say a few words, he tries coaxing—"Now, my dear, won't thee put on caps? Thy hair is indeed very beautiful, but it would look so neat if closely braided under a small cap. I would like thee better with a cap on even than I do without." "Well, now, Aby," is the audacious rejoinder; "listen to me. In the first place, I do not want thee to like me better than thee does; thee can't help liking me." And we are told the old man smiled. It is clear that drab and cap and broad-brim would not be worth a day's purchase thus weakly and treacherously guarded. But the outworks are defended very differently by a body of women who feel a great mental concern over a fill or a tassel, or who can see the fruit of a corrupt inclination in a hem a line beyond the prescribed width. A clear but narrow view is the view that delivers itself most trustfully in admonitions. The plain Friend who wished her sisters would walk close, and see it right to wear plaits in their bonnets instead of gathers, was the more emphatic and "large in her testimony" from seeing nothing beyond or external to her own convictions. In the absence of an organization for securing awed attention, some women have adopted the plan of conveying their counsels and warnings through a domestic postal service, and small notes are deposited on the dressing-table by some mysterious agency. This answers well with nervous subjects.

So far of advice unsought; but some people seek it. To say nothing of those who are in a difficulty, and go to the right person to help them, and act upon the light they receive, there are a great many who find the plan of asking advice an excellent means of talking about themselves and keeping their affairs a matter of public interest. Instead of introducing point-blank the subject of self, their egotism veils itself in an earnest desire for the opinion of the company on some important personal matter. They have no real intention of taking advice—this indeed hardly comes into their minds, so used are they to the rhetorical artifice—but it is amusing to form plans in public. Until we know this we perhaps tax our minds with real consideration for our friend's case, and deliver ourselves under the flattery of his appeal with some conscious acumen. But we meet him again after an interval, and are called upon once more to extricate him from the same difficulties. We cannot bring the same exertion of mind to bear, but we are still civil, and reproduce our old stock of suggestions. A third time comes, and our sympathies are still appealed to. The dilemma keeps its stand, and we at last discover that it is his way of taking the lion's share of the conversation and keeping everybody else in the background. Those people who importune their friends for advice are, after all, not so very unlike those others who find it gall and wormwood. Neither dreams of taking it.

But there is a more simple form of seeking advice, which is perhaps as common. The mind makes itself up, and then the advice is considered a fit pendant to the individual judgment, a proper deference to society. It looks better, is an appeal to the general goodwill, and not seldom promotes a triumph. Thus the fine lady in the comedy consults her friend in the presence of her lover—"What shall I do? shall I have him?" "Ay, ay, take him, take him," is the reply; "what should you do?" "Well then, I'll take my death I'm in a horrid fright. I shall never say it—well—I think I'll endure you." "Fie, fie," cries the confidant, "have him, have him; tell him so in plain terms, for I am sure you have a mind to have him!" "Are you? I think I have—and the horrid man looks as if he thought so too. Well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you." People are very prone to seek the sanction of others, in the form of deliberate advice, for different modes of self-indulgence which they would be ashamed of without the request of friends as a backer; and in this way advice is often the lowest and most obsequious form of flattery.

The best and most honest advice often falls through from no fault on either side, but simply from incompatibility. The adviser will not see that what is good in itself, and well received, may nevertheless be incapable of bearing any fruit. There is a letter from

Miss Lamb to a friend, hitting upon a fault in many circles which no advice probably can remedy, though she would not have written it without some hope of changing an inherent characteristic and eradicating a lifelong reserve. "Secrecy, though you appear all frankness, is certainly a great failing of yours. It is likewise your brother's, therefore a family failing. By secrecy, I mean, you both want the habit of telling each other at the moment everything that happens—where you go, what you do; that free communication of letters and opinions, just as they arise, as Charles and I do, and which is, after all, the only groundwork of friendship." People are sometimes born or may perhaps be trained into this frankness, but they cannot be advised into it.

The subject of advice can hardly come before us without recalling that class of advisers who use it as an engine for giving flirtation an edifying turn. The motherly way in which some young ladies advise their undergraduate acquaintance, and the docile reception generally accorded to their counsels, places admonition surely in its most pleasing and conciliating light. The discrepancy noted by Shakespeare, "Such a hare is madness the youth, to skip over good counsel the cripple," no longer exists; youth and good counsel for once run a perfect pair. To conclude practically. If our advice be asked we must be honest of course, but at the same time generous, mindful rather of the matter in hand than of the by-suggestions, however valuable, which the occasion offers. If, on the other hand, we are disposed to ask advice, let us do our friend the preliminary justice of ascertaining from ourselves that we really want it, and that we entertain some design of being guided by his opinion if he consents to bring his mind fairly to bear on our case.

PINCHING SHOES.

THERE are two ways of dealing with pinching shoes. The one is to wear them till you get accustomed to the pressure, and so to wear them easy; the other is to kick them off and have done with them altogether. The one is founded on the accommodating principle of human nature by which it is enabled to fit itself to circumstances, the other is the high-handed masterfulness whereby the earth is subdued and obstacles are removed; the one is emblematic of Christian patience, the other of Pagan power. Both are good in certain states, and neither is absolutely the best for all conditions. There are some shoes indeed which, do what we will, we can never wear easy. We may keep them well fixed on our feet all our life, loyally accepting the pressure which fate and misfortune have imposed on us; but we go lame and hobbled in consequence, and never know what it is to make a free step, or to walk on our way without discomfort. Examples abound; for among all the pilgrims toiling more or less painfully through life to death, there is not one whose shoes do not pinch him somewhere, how easy soever they may look, and how soft soever the material of which they may be made. Even those proverbial possessors of roomy shoes, the traditional King and Princess, have their own little private bedroom slippers, which pinch them undetected by the gaping multitude who measure happiness by lengths of velvet and weight of gold embroidery; and the proverbial owners of the treasure which all seek and none find might better stand as instances of sorrow than of happiness—examples of how badly shod poor royalty is, and how, far more than meaner folk, it suffers from the pinching of its princely shoes.

The uncongeniality of a profession into which a man may have been forced by the injudicious overruling of his friends, or by the exigencies of family position and inherited rights, is one form of the pinching shoe by no means rare to find. And here, again, poor royalty comes in for a share of the grip on tender places, and the consequent hobbling of its feet. For many an hereditary king was meant by nature to be nothing but a plain country gentleman at the best—perhaps even less; many, like poor "Louis Capet," would have gone to the end quite happily and respectably if only they might have kicked off the shoes of sovereignty, and betaken themselves to the highroads of the herd—if only they might have exchanged the sceptre for the turning-lathe, the pen, or the fowling-piece. "Je déteste mon métier de roi," Victor Emmanuel is reported to have said to a republican friend who sympathized with the monarch's well-known tastes in other things beside his hatred of the kingly profession; and history repeats this frank avowal in every page. But the purple is almost as hard to be got rid of comfortably as Deianeira's robe; for the most part carrying the skin along with it, and trailed through a pool of blood in the act of transfer—which is scarcely what royalty, oppressed with its own greatness, and willing to rid itself of sceptre and shoes that it may enjoy itself in list slippers after a more bourgeois fashion, would find in accordance with its wishes. Lower down in the social scale we find the same kind of misfit between nature and position as a very frequent occurrence—pinching shoes productive of innumerable corns and tender places. How often we see a natural "heavy" securely swathed in cassock and bands, and set up in the pulpit of the family church, simply because the tithes were large, and the living lay in the family gift. But that stiff rectorial shoe of his will never wear easy. The man's secret soul goes out to the parade-ground and the mess-table. The glitter and jingle and theatrical display of a soldier's life seem to him the finest things in the whole round of professions, and the quiet uneventful life of a village pastor is of all the most abhorrent. He wants to act, not to teach. Yet there he is, penned in beyond all power of breaking loose on this side the grave; bound to drone out muddled sermons half an hour long,

and eminently good for sleeping-draughts, instead of shouting terse and stirring words of command that set the blood on fire to hear; bound to rout the shadowy enemy of souls with weapons he can neither feel nor use, instead of prancing off at the head of his men, waving his drawn sword above his head in a whirlwind of excitement and martial glory, to rout the tangible enemies of his country's flag. He loves his wife, and takes a mild parsonic pleasure in his roses; he energizes his schools, and beats up recruits for his parish penny readings; he lends his pulpit to missionary delegates, and takes the chair at the meeting for the conversion of Jews; he does his duty, poor man, so far as he knows how, and so far as nature gave him the power; but his feet are in pinching shoes all his life long, and no amount of walking on the clerical highway can ever make them pleasant wearing. Or he may have a passionate love for the sea, and be mewed up in a lawyer's musty office, where his large limbs have not half enough space for their natural activity; where he is perched for twelve hours out of the twenty-four on a high stool against a desk, instead of climbing cat-like up the ropes, and set to engross a longwinded deed of conveyance, or to make a fair copy of a bill of costs, instead of bearing a hand in a gale, and saving his ship by pluck and quickness. He could save a ship better than he can engross a deed; while, as for law, he cannot get as much of that into his heavy brain as would enable him to advise a client on the simplest case of assault; but he knows all the differences of rig, and the whole code of signals, and can tell you to a nicety about the flags of all nations, and the name and position of every spar and stay and sheet, and when to reef and when to set sail, with any other nautical information to be had from books and a chance cruise as far as the Nore. That pen behind his ear never ceases to gall and fret, his shoe never ceases to pinch; and to the last day of his life the high stool in the lawyer's office will be a place of penance, and the sailor's quarter-deck the very heaven of his ambition. No doubt, by the time the soldier wrongly labelled as a parson, or the sailor painfully working the legal treadmill, comes to the end of his career, the old shoe which has pinched him so long will be worn comparatively easy. The gradual decay of manly vigour, and the slow but sure destruction of strong desires, reduce one's feet at last to masses of accommodating pulp; but what suffering we go through before this result can be attained—what years of fruitless yearning, of fierce despair, of pathetic self-suppression, of jarring discord between work and fitness, must pound all the life out of us before our bones become like wax, and pinching shoes are transformed to easy-fitting slippers. For itself alone, not counting the beyond, it would scarcely seem that such a life was worth the living.

Another pinching shoe is to be found in climate and locality. A man hungering for the busy life of the city has to vegetate in the rural districts, where the days drop one after the other like leaden bullets, and time is only marked by an accession of dulness. Another, thirsting for the repose of the country, has to jostle daily through Cheapside. To one who thinks Canadian salmon-fishing the supreme of earthly happiness, fate gives the chance of chasing butterflies in Brazil; to another who holds "the common objects of the seashore" of more account than silver and gold, an adverse fortune assigns a station in the middle of a plain as arid as if the world had been made without water; and a third, who cares for nothing but the free breathing of the open moors, or the rugged beauty of the barren fells, is dropped down into the heart of a narrow valley where he cannot see the sun for the trees. At first this matter of locality seems to be but a very small grip on the foot, not worth a second thought; but it is one of a certain cumulative power impossible to describe, though keen enough to him who suffers; and the pinching shoe of uncongenial place is quite as hard to bear as that of uncongenial work. Again, a man to whom intellectual companionship means more than it does to many is thrown into a neighbourhood where he cannot hope to meet with comprehension, still less with sympathy. He is a Freethinker, and the neighbourhood goes in for the strictest Methodism or the highest ultra-Ritualism; he is a Radical, and he is in the very focus of county Toryism, where the doctrine of equality and the rights of man is just so much seditious blasphemy, while the British Constitution is held as a direct emanation from divine wisdom second only to the Bible; or he is a Tory to the backbone—and his backbone is a pretty stiff one—and he is in the midst of that blatant kind of Radicalism which thinks gentleness a remnant of the dark ages, and confounds good breeding with servility, and loyalty to the Crown with oppression of the people. Surrounded by his kind, he is as much alone as if in the middle of a desert; an Englishman among Englishmen, he has no more mental companionship than if he were in a foreign country, where he and his neighbours spoke different tongues, and had each a set of signs with not two agreeing. And this kind of solitude makes a pinching shoe to many minds; though to some of the more self-centred or defying kind it is bearable enough—perhaps even giving a sense of roominess which closer communion would not give.

Of course one of the worst of our pinching shoes is matrimony, when marriage means bondage and not union. The mismatched wife or husband never leaves off, willingly or unwillingly, squeezing the tender places; and the more the pressure is objected to, the worse the pain becomes. And nothing can relieve it. A country gentleman, hating the dust and noise of London, with all his interest in his county position and all his pleasure in his estate, and a wife whose love lies in Queen's balls and opera-boxes, and to whom the country is simply a slice out of Siberia wherever it

may be; a hearty hospitable man, liking to see his table well filled, and a wife with a weak digestion, irritable nerves, and a morbid horror of society; a pushing and ambitious man, with a loud voice and an imposing presence, and a shrinking fireside woman, who asks only to glide unnoticed through the crowd, and to creep noiselessly from her home to her grave—are not all these shod with pinching shoes, which, do what they will, go on pinching to the end, and which nothing short of death or chance can remove? The pinching shoe of matrimony pinches both sides equally—excepting, indeed, one chance to be specially phlegmatic or pachydermatous, and then the grip is harmless; but, as a rule, the ring-fence of marriage doubles all conditions, and when A. walks hobbled, B falls lame, and both suffer from the same misfit. However, the only thing to do is to bear and wear till the upper-leather yields, or till the foot takes the required shape; but there is an eternity of pain to be gone through before either of these desirable ends comes about; and the instinct which dreads pain, and questions its necessity, is by no means a false one. For all that, we must wear our pinching shoes of matrimony till death or the Divorce Court pulls them from our feet, which points to the need of being more careful than we usually are about the fit beforehand.

Poverty has a whole rack full of pinching shoes very hard to get accustomed to, and as bad to dance in lightly as were the fiery slippers of the naughty little girl in the German fairy-tale. Given a large heart, generous instincts, and an empty hand, and we have the elements of a real tragedy, both individual and social. For poverty does not mean only that animal want of food and clothing which we generally associate with its name. Poverty may have two thousand a year as well as only a mouldy crust and three shillings a week from the parish; and poverty cursing its sore feet in a brougham is quite as common as poverty, full of corns and callosities, wheeling a costermonger's barrow. The shoe may pinch horribly, though there is no question of hunger or the "two penny rope"; for it is all a matter of relative degree, and the means wherewith to meet wants. But as poverty is not one of those fixed conditions of human life which no human power can remove, we have not perhaps quite so much sympathy with its grips and pinches as in other things less remediable. For while there is work still undone in the world, there is gain still to be had; the man whose energies run now in a dry channel can, if he will, turn them into one more fertile; and if he is making but a poor business out of meal, it is his own fault if he does not try to make a better out of malt. Where the shoe pinches hardest is in places which we cannot protect and with a grip which we cannot prevent; but we cannot say this of poverty as a necessary and insalable condition, and sympathy is so much waste when circumstances can be changed by energy or will.

PARSONS OVER THE LINE.

IF we could trust our newspapers of late, it would seem as if the priesthood were once more coming to the world's front. Never was so much heard of the British Parson—of his industry, his indolence, his ritualistic extravagances, his pulpit cowardice, his domestic difficulties, his political bigotry—as we have heard in the present vocation. Why he preaches and what he preaches is a question that has tided the *Times* over the silly season; Dublin has been gratified by the sittings of Clerical Congress, and the best known of our contemporary novelists sets the world weeping over the woes of the curate of Hogglestock. At first sight it would seem as if an age of modern Hildebrands was approaching, as if mornings were about to dawn in which the *Record* would supersede the *Jupiter* at our breakfast tables—as if Parliament were going to adjourn to the Jerusalem Chamber or Exeter Hall. We are afraid, however, that facts actually point in a very different direction. The world takes all this interest in the Parson simply because the Parson is passing away. That graceful embodiment of the oddest of compromises, that cheerful representative of the queerest of anomalies, that peculiar compound of the farmer, the vestryman, and the apostle, that one inhabitant of the border land between the temporal and the spiritual, the bat—if we may venture to employ the apologue—of the moral world, domestic in his nightcap and divine in his surplice, at once father of his people and father of his family, linking earth to heaven with a sublimely British unconsciousness, will be seen no more. Only an Establishment could produce him, because an Establishment alone could occupy the debatable ground between the Church and the world from which he springs; and the Vatican and Little Bethel have sworn the doom of the Establishment. A line as hard and fast as Drs. Cumming and Manning can draw it will soon sever the sinner from the saint. Within the sacred walls which they defend, the bigot and the butlerman will still find their priest and their minister, but the world will look in vain for the British Parson.

A race somehow seems to acquire a fresh interest in the eyes of men just when it gratifies their spite or their pockets by passing away. The Yankee takes a careful photograph of the Red Indian as he hands him the fire-water, and the settler studies with a special zest the habits and temper of the Australian an hour before he hunts him down with the kangaroos. It is, we suspect, on this ground that we must account for the recent interest in Parsons. All we wish to do is to direct that interest aright. Parsons are a mighty people, and they will not vanish in an hour. The great mass will be long

in fading away into the priestly and the ministerial. It is the outliers, the skirmishers, the oddities, the loose fungi which always hang about a large body, that will go first. The butterflies will die with the sunshine. All the lighter, stranger, and more anomalous developments of life will cease to exist when the sheer battle for life begins. If we are to study these eccentricities at all we must study them at once. It will be something to be able to tell our grandchildren that in the days of their fathers there were such beings as the Fast Parson, the Rowdy Parson, and the Parson about Town. It will be something to recall the greatness of an institution which found an impartial white tie for the dogmatist and the dilettante, the politician, and the don. The difficulty will of course lie in seizing the evanescent shades that even in these make the difference between the Church and the world. The Fast Parson is by no means the same thing with the fast layman. His career is probably what a really fast man would in his own mind call a singularly slow career. He spins down to Ascot, he blows a horn on the road to Epsom. But if he chafes a chimney-sweep, it is with a certain discretion; if he bets, it is some yards off the ring. When the gypsies tell him his fortune they expect the proper "O fie!" at the mention of the pretty widow. He lounges at the Opera, but he gets fidgety if the last scene of the *Fidèle* runs over the mystical twelve o'clock of a Saturday night. He arranges the most charming little suppers, but he tells you that all the pretty little actresses are married. His whist is a grand effort of human intelligence, but as he sweeps his winnings into his pocket he hints with a laugh at the existence of a certain poor-box at home. The most unpleasant trait of the Fast Parson is an air of defiance which springs naturally from his rather anomalous position. He piques himself on the coolness with which he can tell a perfectly unexceptionable story. There is a certain doggedness in his resolution to finish the bottle. He seems always trying to set his lay friends at their ease, and to make them forget his white tie. In fact he does his best to forget it himself by its frequent abolition. His dress wants ease, because the shooting-coat seems always urging a protest against the orthodox black. As a rule, men think him loud and vulgar, when he is only guarding against ecclesiastical smugness and a clerical tone. But, if the Fast Parson is to exist at all, he should certainly be limited to town. Clubs fence off the world of criticism, he is sure to have a little coterie of feminine admirers, and the more he outrages decency the higher will rise the enthusiasm of his friends. The world is so big and society so varied that it is difficult to fix any particular odium on any one person in town. But a Fast Parson in the country is a very different matter. He stands out in a sharp contrast against the circle around him. He is at war alike with the bishop and the squire. The farmers outvote him in vestry. The poor shake their heads as he rattles by in his red tandem. District-visitors bother him with complaints of neglected old women. The rural dean calls on him about that last little scandal and the young person who so unexpectedly came down from town. In London there is, at any rate, a wide world of Bohemians in which he can mix without any great social degradation. Musicians, artists, and poets are not likely to draw awkward moral distinctions if he is a tolerably good fellow. But Bohemianism spreads no kindly shelter over the Fast Parson in the country. Society ebbs away from him, and he is driven to go lower and lower for it. He is glad to look in upon the smallest of squires. He is not above chaffing farmers at the meet. The universal excommunication tells upon the man. His brag and his coarse good temper turn into a fierce defiant insolence. He laughs at the empty pews. He thinks the increase of Zions and Bethshas natural enough among such a set of cads and boobies. But, insolent and indifferent as he is, the fast country parson is still better than the fast town parson translated into the country. Here and there one meets an instance of this lowest phase of clerical and of human existence—the man who combines a taste for the Haymarket with a taste for popular preaching. The dainty surplice, the lace ruffles, the acted prayers, the highly-wrought sermon, the graceful droop, the theatrical declamation, paralyse the unfortunate villagers, who whisper under their breath about "the goings-on at the parsonage." Luckily this sort of thing seldom lasts long. The man feels that his talents are wasted on the stolid farmers who only wish he would act up to what he preaches. He writhes under the feminine titter, the blushes, and gigglings that welcome that pathetic passage on his love for the young lambs of his flock. In spite of constant visits to his rooms in the Adelphi, the country is unbearably slow, the pulpit is unbearably dull; the fast popular-preacher finds his health overdone by the cares of his parish, and goes away growling at the ill-concealed satisfaction with which the bishop grants him his licence of non-residence.

There is something ludicrous in descending from heights such as these to the mere graceful dilettantism of the Parson about Town. No one would think the Fast Parson more vulgar, more unpeppery coarse than he. The clerical lounge is at any rate artistic, æsthetic, social. He has the last anecdote about Tennyson. He shows you a perfectly unknown stanza of Browning's. He throws a poetic, intellectual tinge over the little trifles of his chat. He strikes half a dozen chords on the piano, and plunges into a complaint of the world's injustice to Wagner. His talk is never dull, his sentences are never finished, his stories never quite reach their point; there is a sort of vague and wandering continuity about his thoughts and the results of his

thoughts, a genial good nature, a social tact, which render him a favourite with young women and with old women. He is the victim of a thousand confidences, he is amazingly susceptible, he writes the most charming little love-poems, he even strums them on the most romantic of guitars, and he remains somehow a bachelor. He is gushing in his benevolence, and is constantly taking up little orphans to set them down again. You never quite forget that he is a parson, but he never makes you feel it obtrusively. There are no angles, no sharp corners, about the man. He can't understand why people quarrel about anything, and clerical controversies are the most unintelligible of all. For himself he likes a choral service because his voice happens to be a fine tenor. But then he is quite ready to quiz the Ritualists about their taste in pigs'-heads, and at the same time to believe that everybody is as good as can be, and that the true cause of all this bitterness is that the theologians don't see enough of society. For himself he owns that his interest lies in quite different quarters. He has the finest bit of Sevres at home; he has just picked up the loveliest little emerald! He is convinced that the Church ought to have its Convocation, but his real anxiety is whether Mr. Mapleson has succeeded in securing the Nilsson. He laughs as often as he speaks, he has a cozy way of taking your arm, his time is always at your disposal, he will take immense trouble to get your sisters a card for the great rout of the season, he has the entrée of every studio, and introduces you in the most casual way to Mr. Millais or the Laureate. Everybody knows him, everybody likes him, and nobody has ever thought of guessing his age. If you did guess it, and were yourself pretty and young, he would tell it you in the simplest way in the world; for it is one of the marks of the man that his nature is perfectly genuine, and that he would as soon walk down Pall Mall with a poet out-at-elbows as with the most resplendent of duchesses. If he has a weakness it is for genius; he is always discovering men of the most astounding talents hidden away in garrets round Leicester Square. Poles, Hungarians, French Republicans, Spanish Carlists, cluster about him, and bloom into an hour's notoriety through his introduction. He is never angry at their failure, he is never impatient at their extortion, he is never discouraged in his belief that genius exists, and that it is of necessity hidden, eccentric, and out-at-elbows. What his white tie does for him is to give him a status. He isn't a mere idler or a mere loungeur, because he is supposed somehow to have something, and something very sacred, to do. Mammas can trust him with their daughters; fathers can ask him to speak a word of warning to their sons. To all the younger branches he is a sort of social confessor and director. It was he who got young Plunger out of that awkward scrape with the Jews; Miss Jessica never ceases to bless the day when she consulted him on that terrible entanglement. The Jew quailed before the white tie; the white tie brought Miss Jessica back to filial piety and common sense. It is true that, as a parson, the Parson about Town is a little queer and exceptional; but, in his queer exceptional way, he does a great deal of good, and he does it in quarters which the common soldiers of the Church Militant could never approach. What the chapel of ease is to the parish church, he is to the parochial clergyman. On the whole, he is perhaps the best specimen of Parsons over the Line.

PRINCES.

WE were amazed the other day by reading an announcement by a foreign correspondent of a daily paper that the ex-King of Hanover thought of coming to England and taking his seat in the House of Lords "as a Prince of the Blood Royal." It is of course open to the Duke of Cumberland, as to any other peer, to take his seat in the House of Lords; but what we wish to call attention to is the qualification for a seat in that House which the foreign correspondent seems to believe it. It seems that in his eyes the ex-King would take his seat, not as Duke of Cumberland, but "as a Prince of the Blood Royal." This must imply that all Princes of the Blood Royal, as such, have seats in the House of Lords. We can parallel this only with a proposal which we once saw for shutting out of the House of Commons every one who was the "kinsman in blood" of any peer. The obvious answer was that the words "kinsman in blood" are so very vague that the prohibition might shut out anybody. It is just as likely that Mr. Bradlaugh or Mr. Odger is the "kinsman in blood" to some peer or other as that he is not. We have here in short a proposition too absurd to discuss, but it might not occur to everybody that the idea of Princes of the Blood Royal, as such, having seats in the House of Lords, is every whit as absurd. We are not discussing the good or evil of either proposal, but simply its meaning. What is meant by the "kinsman in blood" of a peer? Is it only his sons, brothers, and nephews who are to be shut out, or all his Scotch cousins to the ninth and tenth generation? It is just as hard to say who is a Prince of the Blood Royal. Is it any descendant of any King who ever reigned in these islands? Is it a descendant of the Electress Sophia? Is it a descendant of George the Second? Something might be said for each of these views. But nothing is more certain than that none of these classes of persons are, as such, entitled to seats in the House of Lords. If all members of the first class were let in, especially if we took in the descendants of Scotch and Irish Kings, the addition to the peerage would be somewhat formidable. The descendants of the Electress Sophia

are marked out as a special class by the Act of Settlement, which gives them certain advantages, and the descendants of George the Second are marked out as a special class by the Royal Marriage Act, which lays them under certain disadvantages. But if the description of Princes of the Blood Royal belongs to either of these classes, it is quite certain that that description does not carry a seat in the House of Lords with it. To be a Prince may possibly carry with it certain exalted privileges. It may carry with it the privilege of being cut off from the liberty enjoyed by other people to live as they please and to marry as they please. It may involve the necessity of living a life of routine and ceremony, of having one's smallest actions chronicled in the newspapers, of being made the victim of a whole vocabulary of servility, of being "attended" wherever one goes, and of "honouring" the people with whom one dines—it may do all this and a great deal more that may seem very admirable to Gentlemen-Ushers and Lords-in-Waiting, but it certainly does not give a man a seat in the House of Lords, and, as far as we can see, it does not debar him from a seat in the House of Commons.

But what is a Prince? How near to royalty must a man be to be surrounded with that divine something which sets the Prince in some sort further apart from the highest noble than the highest noble is set apart from other people? In the case of mere nobility we know very well that all its outward signs vanish in the first, or, at the furthest, in the second generation. A private gentleman—or, for the matter of that, a tinker or a tailor—may be in the direct entail of a dukedom; he may be certain to succeed to it if this and that person can be got out of the way, and yet all the time he is in no way distinguishable from his neighbours. The lineal descendant of a Duke who lived a hundred years back, unless he happens to be himself the present Duke, is exactly the same as anybody else. How about the lineal descendant of a King who lived a hundred years back? We know that, if he have the misfortune to be a descendant of George the Second, he cannot marry to please himself. But what is he to be called? If we met a grandson of a grandson of George the Second—George the Second being his latest royal ancestor—would he be called Royal Highness? Would he be "attended" by anybody? Would he "honour" everybody that he dined with? Perhaps Sir Bernard Burke can tell us if it be so, and, if it be so, by what law or custom it is so.

The truth is, to put it strongly, while all other kinds of people from Dukes downwards have descendants, Kings in a certain sense have none. The case that we put has never occurred during the century or two that we have had Princes or Princesses among us. There is no such thing as a grandson of a grandson of George the Second now living, except the grandsons of George the Third. Since the House of Brunswick came to the throne there has been no descendant of a King among us further off than first cousin to the reigning sovereign. If the Duke of Cumberland does come among us as a Duke of Cumberland, we ought to know what the children of such a first cousin are to be called. But the children of the Duke of Cumberland will also be children of an ex-King of Hanover, and will most likely be held to have some sort of royalty cleaving to them on that account. So we greatly fear that in our generation we shall not know at how great a distance from the reigning sovereign the descendants of a King cease to be Princes and all the rest of it.

This singular dying-out of collateral branches is no doubt partly owing to the operation of the unnatural restrictions of the Royal Marriage Act. But that is not all. Stuarts and Tudors have died out just as much as the present family. The thing to be noticed is that it is only through this dying-out of collateral branches that the notion of Princes can be kept up at all. It does not seem wonderful for the son or grandson of a King to be treated as if he were in some way different from other men. But if there were a large number of people about, all being grandsons of grandsons of George the Second, it would be utterly impossible to treat them all as the children, or even as the cousins, of the reigning sovereign as now treated. It would be impossible to surround every one of them with "attendants" of high degree, to give every one of them incomes out of the public purse, to cut off every one of them from nearly every occupation and career open to other people, to provide every one of them with foreign wives and husbands of princely birth. It is only because Princes do not increase and multiply like other people, because, seemingly, they are not allowed to increase and multiply like other people, that this peculiar feeling about Princes is kept up. If the breed became as common as it would become in the ordinary course of things, the privileges—perhaps we should say the disabilities—of the class could not be maintained. It would be impossible to keep up either privileges or disabilities in the case of so large a class. If, for instance, there were twenty or thirty people in the country, all lineal male descendants of the Duke of Cumberland who commanded at Culloden, no law or custom would be endured which decreed that they could not mix on terms of equality with other people, that they could not marry to please themselves, that they could not stand for a seat in the House of Commons, that, if members of the House of Lords, they should not speak and vote as freely as other members, that they should be cut off from the places of real trust and honour open to other members of either House, that, in a word, they should all be practically disfranchised and disqualified for the common rights of Englishmen, and in return be all dealt with as august, illustrious, and all the rest of it. We ask, as we have sometimes asked before, what would such persons be called? How long would they go on being called Prince and Royal Highness, and so forth? Would

they not, in a generation or two, have to use a surname like other people? and, if so, what surname would they use? The whole thing would undoubtedly break down as soon as the present system was extended beyond the very near kinsfolk of the reigning sovereign. It would be impossible to treat the Queen's tenth cousin as we treat the Queen's first cousin. But nobody has yet told us whether the line would be drawn at the second, third, fourth, or fifth cousin. The case has not arisen, and the present system is possible simply because the case has not arisen.

The present system has arisen in a strange way from the mixture of a very modern sentiment with the vestiges of a very old one. It is thought an honour to become the personal attendant of a Prince. A man or woman of noble birth thinks it no scorn to do services to a Prince or Princess which a private gentleman or lady would think it utter scorn to do to an ordinary Duke or Duchess. Go back to mediæval times, and the latter feeling would not be understood; go back to classical times, and the former feeling would not be understood. It is well to remember that those early Cæsars who sported like eastern despots with the lives and fortunes of Romans, were not cut off by any social barriers from those with whose lives and fortunes they sported. No Roman citizen would have stooped to be Cæsar's chamberlain or master of the horse, till those later times when the Empire had become demoralized and orientalized. Augustus and Augusta might be worshipped after death, but while they remained on earth they had no Gentlemen-Ushers or Ladies-in-Waiting. They had, like any other Roman patrician or Roman matron, to look for such services to their slaves and freedmen. Cæsar was a great magistrate, a magistrate so great as to be practically an absolute despot; but he was not the "lord" of any Roman citizen, nor was any Roman citizen his "man." Turn to mediæval times, and everybody is at once lord and man to somebody above and below him. Cæsar's powers have become wonderfully less than they were under Tiberius and Nero, but Cæsar receives a personal worship which Tiberius and Nero never received. He has Kings and sovereign Dukes as his cupbearer and his master of the horse, honoured by holding functions which the first Augustus would never have thought of laying on any one higher than a freedman. But then the same principle ran through all classes of society. From the highest to the lowest, each rank took it as its natural place to render personal services to the rank—whether rank of birth or rank of office—immediately above itself. The "man" yields his service to his "lord" and he exacts the like service from his own "man." The system has vanished everywhere else, but it has left two vestiges—the "fag" who yields personal services to his elder fellow-scholar, and the Lords, Grooms, and what not, in waiting, who yield personal services to a King or a Prince. In all cases lower than a Prince the very idea has vanished. In the case of Princes it still exists in all its fulness.

It is manifest that the retention of this feeling in one case, while it has ceased to exist in any other, gives it quite a different character in the case where it still does exist. Princes were formerly only the highest class of an ascending scale, dealt with by the class immediately beneath them just as the class immediately beneath them was dealt with by the class immediately beneath it. Now Princes are something apart, something cut off from everybody else, as if they were not beings of the same flesh and blood. There is doubtless a wide difference between a private gentleman and a Duke, but the difference between a private gentleman and a Duke is a difference of a different kind from that which separates the Duke who is only His Grace from the Duke who is His Royal Highness. The families of the private gentleman and the Duke may intermarry; but—by a bad law interpreted by a worse custom—no intermarriage is allowed between the family of the Duke who is only "noble" and the family of the Duke who is "illustrious." We need not say how very modern this last restriction is. It is simply the German tomfoolery of *Ebenbürtigkeit*, which even now is unknown to our law, though custom administers the law so as to have the same effect. We need not say that the sons and daughters of our old Kings freely intermarried with the nobility of the realm. The result was that our Lancastrian, Yorkist, and Tudor rulers, whatever were their faults, were at least Englishmen, every inch of them.

This distinction then is the only surviving one of its class, and it is now itself much more broadly marked than when it was simply one of many like distinctions. And one word as to the mere title. People hardly realize how very modern is the fashion of calling every son and daughter of a King Prince and Princess. It has come in gradually. The Prince of Wales, a real Prince, gradually suggested the title of Princess Royal for his eldest sister—the eldest son and daughter of the King being, be it remembered, persons under the special protection of the law, which does not extend to their younger brothers and sisters. These titles have gradually, chiefly through the influence of the German doctrine, spread themselves over the whole family. The word "Princess" has smuggled itself into the Royal Marriage Act, and doubtless into other Acts, and it is now taken for granted by everybody; though it is worth remembering that, as late as George the Second's reign, uncourtly Englishmen still talked, in English fashion, about Lady Caroline and Lady Emily. In old times a Queen crowned and anointed gave birth to a "fair son" or a "fair daughter," or even a "fair lady;" now every cousin of the reigning sovereign that comes into the world figures from the moment of its birth as a "prince" or "princess." A modern Court journalist would not understand old Hall the chronicler, when he says that, on the death of Arthur, "the name of prince belonged to his brother Duke of York," seeing that his brother,

in modern Court language, would have been Prince Henry from his birth. If the foreign style is better liked than the English, 'by all means let those enjoy it to whom custom now gives it. But it is worth noticing that, so far as the title of Prince in England exists at all, it is by no means confined to persons of royal birth. Heralds, on those occasions when they use their grandest style of all, bestow the title of Prince on ordinary Dukes and Marquesses. And, at any rate, it is worth while to remember, and to explain to the Berlin Correspondent of the *Times*, that the law of England knows nothing of any such class of people as "Princes of the Blood Royal," and that it certainly does not invest them, as such, with seats in the House of Lords.

THE POPE'S LOSSES.

IT is not many days since Archbishop Manning assured his hearers from the pulpit that "Christian Europe was the offspring of the Holy See, and the welfare of States depended on their fidelity to the principle from which they sprung"—in other words, to the temporal power. It is true that the Archbishop in the same discourse haughtily repudiated the name of "an Established Church," which he said was nowhere to be found in the Canon Law, and even asserted that "the Catholic Church could never be established"—the circumstance that it happens to be established in nearly every country of the Continent having apparently escaped his memory. But it would be a great mistake to suppose he was disclaiming temporal power for the Church. Far from it. He repudiated "National Churches" because, like the old Gallican Church, they are amenable in secular matters to the civil government, and are apt moreover to display a national spirit and independence of their own. But the very object of his sermon was to maintain the divine prerogative of the Papal sovereignty, and the truth that "of his (the Pope's) kingdom there shall be no end." And, with a slight confusion between the functions of an Archbishop and an Archangel, he proceeded to "cite the laughers before the Throne of God." We shall not certainly place ourselves among the "laughers" at the Archbishop's argument, first because, after a very careful perusal, we have entirely failed to comprehend it; and secondly because we quite agree with him, though perhaps on somewhat different grounds, that it is no laughing matter. The religious convictions of the great majority of the Christian world deserve the respect even of those who do not share them, and no rational man would desire to speak lightly of the collapse, if he anticipates the collapse, of the spiritual power which has for so many ages exercised a dominant control over the fortunes of the Western Church. The claims put forward in the name of the present occupant of the Chair of Peter are indeed startling enough, so much so that a witty Italian nobleman observed the other day to an English traveller that, whereas other Popes had considered themselves the vicars of Christ on earth, Pius IX. appeared to consider Christ his vicar in heaven. But with this aspect of the matter we are not here concerned. We took occasion lately to comment on His Holiness's recent address "to all Protestants and non-Catholics"—whatever be the particular distinction meant to be conveyed—and will only return to it here to express our hope that the grammar of the original document is better than that through which its admonitions were suffered to reach his disobedient flock in England. At logic there was no attempt, unless indeed the repeated assurance that "nobody can deny" what you wish people to believe may be considered a logical argument.

It is more to our present purpose to observe on one feature of the Ultramontane programme for the approaching Council, which, says Dr. Manning, "will leave its mark on the history of mankind." If the intimations of the *Dublin Review* may be trusted—and it ought to be a good authority—no pains will be spared to extort from the assembled Fathers an assertion of the divine right of the Pope's temporal power, and his indirect sovereignty over all civil governments—we believe that is the correct phrase—as dogmas of faith. The last doctrine means, translated into plain English, the divine right of persecution. It received a startling sanction last year in the canonization of the "martyr" Peter de Arbus, one of the most bloodthirsty of Spanish Inquisitors, who was at last put to death by a relative of one of his unhappy victims. We do not remember that the circumstance was taken much notice of at the time in England, but it created a great sensation both among Protestants and Catholics on the Continent. A series of articles, written and signed by a Roman Catholic, appeared in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the leading paper of Germany, exhibiting the true character of the new saint, and of the miracles invented for him, which had already been exposed and rejected by the Bollandists, and ridiculed by the Jesuit writer Mariana. Our reason for referring to the subject here is to point out that the claim which received a fresh and solemn sanction in this strange canonization is a claim, not to spiritual, but to temporal power. It may be included in what Dr. Manning calls "the sole ultimate authority to govern the consciences of men" with which the Church is invested; but if so, their consciences are evidently to be governed, not by what a high authority calls "the terror of the Lord," but by the terrors of the San Benito robe and the thumbcrew. No doubt such a claim was put forward for the Church in the middle ages, and was sometimes ruthlessly acted upon. The odd thing is that it should be again put forward now, when it is far more likely to excite ridicule than reverence, and "the laughers" can no longer be

cited before the tribunals of the Holy Office. Dr. Manning probably hopes that there is a better time coming, when "Rome, taken in its complexity"—that is, with its temporal as well as its spiritual power—will rule once more over the consciences and the carcasses of its subjects. But appearances seem terribly against him.

The only region in which the counsellors of the Vatican can profess at present to discern any ray of light is revolutionary France, where all the wicked and abominable laws so fiercely denounced only three months ago in Austria have long been in full vigour. And nobody knows how long the support of France can be counted upon. Two years ago Austria was a power in Europe, and there were, or were thought to be, hopes of preserving the Concordat. But Providence was on the side of the needle-guns, and all Germany is daily gravitating more and more towards Prussia. Meanwhile the Concordat has fallen, and one of the highest dignitaries of the Austrian Church, Prince Schwarzenberg, Cardinal Archbishop of Prague, finds himself in the iron grasp of the law when he attempts to oppose the arrangements introduced in its place. Freedom of conscience and equality of creeds is proclaimed, in the teeth of the Encyclical, in the country which Rome had long been accustomed to look to as her surest and most powerful ally. One hope still remained. The Pope had shown his appreciation of her devotion to his cause by sending the golden rose to Her Catholic Majesty of Spain, and it was generally supposed that her pious zeal was in great measure shared by her people. Her piety, to be sure, was not allowed much scope, as neither we believe is theirs, in the relations of private life. But there can be no doubt, whatever may or may not have been the influence of Father Claret and Sister Patrocinio, that her public policy was of the most edifying and orthodox kind, in the sense in which these words are just now interpreted at the Vatican. It is not many months since a native Protestant was sent to prison. And the notion of substituting Spanish for French troops as protectors of the Holy See has been still more recently entertained at Rome. We cannot therefore feel any surprise at learning that the intelligence of the Spanish Revolution produced a terrible panic in the Ultramontane ranks. Whether the Pope still continues to recite the prayer *ad sedandas rebelliones* in his mass, as the Queen appears to have requested, we cannot say. But he must ere now have given up all hope of its being answered, except by miracle. A revolution which is accomplished in a few days with scarcely any bloodshed, and without even an occasional *émeute* being got up in favour of the dethroned Sovereign, may fairly be regarded as an accomplished fact. And if any fresh confirmation were needed, Queen Isabella has herself supplied it. There was a touching naïveté about her eagerness to inform her people how completely she had mastered that royal art of learning nothing and forgetting nothing for which Stuarts and Bourbons have attained a quite unique celebrity. We cannot vouch for the correctness of one report to the effect that Her Majesty has not a penny, and that the Pope had serious thoughts of returning her the magnificent diamond tiara with which she presented him for the definition of the Immaculate Conception. But they must both be pretty well aware by this time that not all the wealth of the Indies would buy back her forfeited crown. And that is not the worst. The Holy See is never slow to acknowledge *de facto* Governments when they prove themselves worthy of recognition, and the Spanish clergy would probably be as willing as the French clergy of 1848 to bless the trees of liberty, if the new Republic, or whatever it is to be, would maintain the old institutions. Indeed, there are not wanting signs that they are already preparing to bid for Liberal support. Unfortunately, however, every day brings fresh evidence that the good old customs are gone out with the old régime. Sweden is now left alone in her glory as the one persecuting country in Europe. One of the first acts of the Provisional Government was to proclaim liberty of conscience, and one of its last reported acts has been the suppression of the Jesuits and the confiscation of their property. This last proceeding may or may not be justifiable; but at least it proves one thing, even more clearly perhaps than the public burning of the Concordat. If the Government reckons on carrying public opinion with it in this wholesale measure of spoliation, as we presume it does, the alleged Ultramontanism of the popular sentiment in Spain must have been greatly exaggerated. And that is really a much graver matter for the Roman Court than a mere change of rulers. If the nation was Romanist at the core, there would be reasonable prospect of a reaction; but if it is, in truth, weary of the old system, and wants to set up for itself a liberal principle in Church and State, any such hope must be chimerical. The Jesuits, it need hardly be said, are the heart and soul of the Ultramontane organization, and the great champions of the temporal power all over Europe. If Ultramontanism was popular in Spain, they would be popular; and, we presume, if they were popular, they would hardly be so summarily suppressed.

One curious coincidence occurs to us in connexion with this last circumstance, which may not perhaps be without its moral. It chanced once during the last century that there was a Spanish king with reforming tendencies, though they did not come to very much in the end. He found, however, that the Jesuits, who were then all-powerful in Spain, were his main opponents, and that no important changes, either political or educational, could be introduced against their opposition. At length, accordingly, he determined on getting the Order suppressed; and having brought round the King of France to his views, and secured the election of

a friendly Pontiff, he managed to carry his point. Clement XIV. hesitated awhile; but when Maria Theresa withdrew her disapproval of the scheme, he yielded, and in 1773 the Order was dissolved. Forty years later, just in time to save it from dying out, Pius VII. restored it, and its numbers have risen to something like half what they were before, in the fifty years that have since elapsed. The Spanish Government has once more adopted the policy of Charles III., though it has taken the law into its own hands, instead of applying to the Pope to execute its wishes. The Jesuits are tolerated, though they are not liked, in Austria, and partially tolerated in Protestant Germany and in France, in Italy not at all. But there can be little doubt that, if the signal were given, most of the Continental Governments would be very ready to join in a crusade against them; nor is the feeling altogether an unnatural or irrational one. That the work of Pius VII. should be undone by Pius IX., who is entirely in their hands, is in the highest degree improbable. But that some future Pontiff should find it prudent to yield to a general pressure, as Ganganelli did before, is far from inconceivable. Stranger things have happened. At all events the Spanish Revolution has destroyed the one stronghold of the Jesuits out of Rome, and if they fall again, they will fall for good and all.

THE DERWENTWATER ESTATES.

THE person who calls herself Countess of Derwentwater has succeeded in drawing public attention to a melancholy piece of history. The magnificent fabric of Greenwich Hospital commemorates, as Lord Macaulay has eloquently told us, the virtues of Queen Mary, the sorrow of her husband King William III., and the great naval victory of La Hogue. The strange proceedings of the lady who is now encamped by the roadside near Dilston Castle, in Northumberland, remind the nation that Greenwich Hospital was completed and endowed by confiscation of the estates of one of the most noble and devoted of the adherents of the House of Stuart. No lapse of time can obliterate the memory of the unfortunate Earl of Derwentwater, who left a happy home, a young wife and infant children, to join the misguided rebels of 1715. It was this story, or some other like it, which inspired the author of that beautiful Scottish song:—

The soldier frae the war returns,
And the merchant frae the main;
But I hae parted wi' my love,
And ne'er to meet again,
My dear,
And ne'er to meet again.

The Earl of Derwentwater was taken in arms against the lawful King of England, was tried by his peers for treason, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to death, which he suffered on Tower Hill. There were many adherents of the Stuarts, as of other discrowned families, who made rebellion, or preparation for it, the business of their lives, and who incurred the risk of imprisonment or death as one of the ordinary conditions of the game at which they played. But the Earl of Derwentwater, with rank, wealth, and domestic ties, had nothing to gain and all to lose when he obeyed what he deemed to be the call of honour, duty, and religion. The House of Stuart is now extinct, and Queen Victoria receives the undivided allegiance of all who are by birth her subjects. But let us hope that the spirit of the adherents of the Stuarts still lives, and that men may still be found at need to do and suffer for their country what the Jacobites did and suffered for him whom they held to be their king. It might be right, at least according to the ideas and practice of the age, to cut off the Earl of Derwentwater's head, and confiscate his estates; but it would have been expedient, to say nothing of justice or mercy, to take care that his posterity were not starved or driven into exile. The bravery and constancy which he showed are qualities too precious to be thrown away because they happened to be exhibited on the wrong side. A nation which is so fortunate as to possess an aristocracy of this temper ought to take good care of it, for the breed has never been too plentiful in any time or country. The loyalty of the Radcliffes might, by judicious treatment, be preserved under the slightly altered form of patriotism.

These considerations, however, would apply equally to other noble families which were ruined by their devotion to the Stuarts. This generation cannot undertake to review every act of doubtful justice or expediency which was done by its predecessors a hundred and more years ago. But the representative of the Earl of Derwentwater, if such a person were in existence, would be able to allege special grounds for questioning the legality, or at least the equity, of the proceedings by which he is excluded from what are now the crumbling ruins of Dilston Castle. It appears, beyond doubt, from the recitals of the Act of Parliament which conferred the Derwentwater estates upon Greenwich Hospital, that the family of Radcliffe were deemed by the Legislature of 1749 to have a claim upon its justice or compassion, and that a compromise or arrangement was made with those representatives of the family who were supposed to be entitled to prefer this claim. But it is probable that the authors of this arrangement took care to inform themselves who were the persons with whom they ought to deal; and if they were well informed, the claim now set up by an alleged representative of the Radcliffes must be unfounded. A newspaper published in the North of England has taken the trouble to procure from the so-called Countess of Derwentwater the particulars of her pretended title, and her statement

combines some elements of truth with what we must take to be the product of her imagination. James, third Earl of Derwentwater, was attainted of treason and beheaded in 1716. He had married in 1712, and he left a son (John) and a daughter (Anna Maria). His large estates in Northumberland and Cumberland were seized and condemned by the Commissioners of Forfeited Estates, appointed under Act of Parliament to deal with the property of convicted traitors, after the rebellion of 1715 had been put down. If the Earl had been tenant in fee simple of these estates, they would have been forfeited under the common law of England; and if he had been tenant in tail, they would have been forfeited under a statute of the reign of King Henry VIII. But the Earl had made a settlement on his marriage, under which he became tenant for life, with remainder to his sons in tail. If this settlement were valid the Earl's life-estate only would have been forfeited, because that was the only estate he had, and the estate in tail of his infant son would have come to that son upon his father's death. The validity of the settlement seems to have depended upon a difficult legal question as to the application of a statute by which Papists were prohibited from taking estates by what lawyers call "purchase." The Commissioners, however, treated the settlement as invalid, and they dealt with the estates as forfeited to the Crown. An appeal against this decision was brought before certain judges of the Courts at Westminster, appointed delegates for hearing such appeals; and the case was argued by counsel, and reported in the usual way. The appellant, who is called in the report Lord Derwentwater, was John, the infant son of the beheaded Earl. The Court decided, by four judges against one, that the statute did not affect the settlement; and if the settlement were valid, the son John would be entitled to the estates comprised in it. The decision may be read by anybody in what are still called *Modern Reports*, and which doubtless were modern when they received that name. Having regard to this decision, the lineal representative of the claimant, if such a person could now be found, might undoubtedly make a powerful appeal to the justice or generosity of the nation. The Derwentwater estates are worth a clear 40,000*l.* a year, and might perhaps be made to yield much more, for the property of charitable corporations is seldom managed to the best advantage. The nation has taken to itself great credit for the munificent provision which it has made at Greenwich Hospital for its disabled seamen, and it views that noble structure with proud affection as the temple of the glories of the national marine. But is it true that that provision was made, and that structure was erected, by the proceeds of the spoliation of the unfortunate house of Radcliffe? Could the devotion of British seamen to King George be rewarded in no other way than by robbing the descendants of the devoted adherents of King James? The Parliament which confirmed the grant of the Derwentwater estates to Greenwich Hospital felt the force of these considerations, and it made what we may assume to have been intended for an equitable arrangement with the Radcliffe family.

It is not quite clear whether the infant John, son of Earl James, was ever admitted to the enjoyment, by his guardian, of the estates; but he was entitled to be so admitted under the judgment of the delegates. It has been generally stated and believed that he died, a minor and unmarried, in 1731. On his death the next limitation in the settlement was an estate for life limited to his father's brother, Charles Radcliffe, with remainder to his sons in tail. We shall see presently that Charles Radcliffe was at this time an attainted traitor. He had a son, born abroad, who would have been entitled to a remainder in tail on his father's death, but for two objections—first, that he was an alien; and, secondly, that no claim had been made on his behalf within due time before the Commissioners of Forfeited Estates.

Anna Maria, the daughter of the beheaded Earl, received from Parliament, on her marriage with Lord Petre, a portion of 20,000*l.* She was entitled under the settlement, if valid, to this portion. Besides Earl James, who was beheaded, his brother Charles, already mentioned, was implicated in the rebellion of 1715, and was made prisoner and confined in Newgate Prison, whence he escaped. It is said that if he had remained in prison he would have been pardoned, as the Government was satisfied with taking the life of the head of this unhappy house. But he escaped abroad, and remained quiet until, after the lapse of thirty years, he was impelled by hereditary attachment to the Stuarts to take ship for the purpose of joining the more serious rebellion of 1745. The vessel in which he sailed was captured by an English cruiser, and he was brought to London; and on proof of his identity with the escaped prisoner of 1716 he was sentenced to death, and beheaded, like his brother, on Tower Hill. He had married, while abroad, the Countess of Newburgh, by whom he had children. In the year 1749, while the memory of these events was fresh, and information as to the family history of the Radcliffes was accessible, an arrangement was made by Parliament as to the Derwentwater estates which was undoubtedly intended to be final. But in 1788 this arrangement was altered by Parliament, and more favourable terms were granted to the descendants of Charles Radcliffe. The Act of Parliament of this year recites, in effect, that injustice had been done, and professes to remedy it by granting an annuity of 2,500*l.* a year out of the estates to Anthony James, Earl of Newburgh, grandson of Charles Radcliffe, and to his heirs male, with a jointure to his widow of 1,000*l.* a year. The Earl of Newburgh died without issue in 1814, and his widow died in 1861, at the age of ninety-nine years. Thus the Derwentwater estates are now held by Greenwich Hospital free

from any charge for the benefit of the Radcliffe family. It is evident that these arrangements must have proceeded on the supposition that John, the son of Earl James, who was beheaded in 1716, had died previously to 1749 without lawful issue. Indeed, the Act of Parliament of 1749 expressly recites that he did so die in 1731, as we have already stated that he did. A portion of 20,000*l.* was provided, as we have seen, for his sister, and afterwards pensions were conferred upon the children of his father's brother. The lady who is now besieging Dilston Castle tells us that Earl John, as she calls the son of Earl James, married in Germany in 1740, and had a large family. To him, whom she reckons as fourth Earl, succeeded a fifth, sixth, and seventh Earl, and then succeeded herself, who claims to be a Countess. We may remark, by the way, that the Derwentwater earldom was only descendible to heirs male; but that is a minor matter. Whether this lady calls herself Countess of Derwentwater or Lady Amelia Radcliffe comes to the same thing. She claims to be the heir of John, son of Earl James, in whose favour the judgment of the delegates was given in the year 1718, and who has always been supposed to have died without issue in 1731.

It need not be said that the Parliamentary title of Greenwich Hospital to the Derwentwater estates cannot be questioned in any Court of law. The strange proceedings which have produced so many paragraphs in the newspapers were probably intended, if they were dictated by a sane mind, to have simply the effect which they have had, of attracting public attention to the claim of the pretended Countess. We observe that a public meeting was held in the town of Blaydon for the purpose of expressing "sympathy for the injured lady," and it was resolved that a national subscription should be entered on to prosecute her claims, "and that Blaydon make a commencement at once." But we are not informed whether any money was put down.

"S. G. O." ON THE THEORY OF AN ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

IT is somewhat late in the day for "S. G. O." to be enumerating his claims to be listened to; but as it is always interesting to compare a man's opinion of himself with the opinion which others have of him, we gladly welcome the tardy attempt at self-portraiture which appeared in the *Times* of Thursday. In some respects it is unexpectedly and curiously true. "I am not amiable," says this great champion; "I have not the slightest pretension to be called learned." We feel that, whenever some admiring biographer comes to comment on this candid statement, he will only have to append, by way of authority, "See correspondence *passim*." "I do not despise my brother clergy," he continues, "or hate my profession. I feel for those who, like myself, belong to an order which is given up to anarchy." Pity is often so closely allied to contempt that it is hard to draw the line between them, and we are not sure that this difficulty might not be illustrated by "S. G. O.'s" distinction between despising and feeling for. At all events he leaves us in no doubt as to what he thinks of bishops. "If I am one who attacks them in a body, it is because as such I feel they have so slept on their posts, or in some cases been wilfully blind or deaf, that to them we owe much of the present deplorable condition of the Church." If our recollection serves us, "S. G. O." has been at least as much given to attacking bishops singly as to attacking them in a body; and when he has done so he has usually selected those who have had the misfortune to differ from him, with very little regard to any blindness or deafness on their part. It was not, for instance, on account of either of these defects that he opened fire on his own diocesan some time back. The Bishop of Salisbury had not been slumbering on his post. He had been doing a far worse thing than that—evincing his wakefulness in a way distasteful to "S. G. O." On the whole, therefore, only the first two characteristics—want of amiability and want of learning—seem to be clearly made out. Still these two features go so far in controversy that the possession of them is almost sufficient to account for the reputation which "S. G. O." has gained.

Why any one should be particularly anxious to know what remedy "S. G. O." has to propose for "the evils which at this time threaten the destruction of the Established Church," we are unable to divine. As, however, there have been people thus minded, it is quite natural and proper that "S. G. O." should undertake to gratify their curiosity. We should not, however, have thought it necessary to notice the letter in which he does so, if it had not contained a theory of the Established Church so curiously inconsistent with facts as to render it for that very reason deserving of a passing study. "S. G. O." begins by entreating his readers to "bear in mind one great distinguishing feature of the National Church of a nation disposed to give the fullest license to religious liberty." This characteristic is, that the Church "asks of no one who enters the church-doors why he has done so. It does not assume that he is a religious man, nor does it, if aware that he is so, claim any power to investigate the nature and extent of his religious experience." Further, the services of the Church are expressly framed to meet this state of things—"to afford a sober, truthful, and, as far as it is possible, a plain form of service to be used in every church," by men of whom it must not be assumed that they are religious men. The Church has to "conform to a state of things which demands all license to all who choose to say they are of her." She has "no power to expel from her services those who are known to attend them and yet live re-

proachable lives." Of course it is difficult to provide a body of this kind with exactly the form of devotion suited to it, but in "S. G. O.'s" judgment the Prayer-Book has approached as near success as was possible. Considered as a form designed "to meet the general complexion of that Christian's faith who, holding a right to think for himself, yet seeks a service that shall give him, not all license"—in this respect the Prayer-Book seems less comprehensive than the Church—"but as much as any service not framed for units but for multitudes can afford," "S. G. O." knows of nothing equal to the Prayer-Book.

Now of the merits of such a Church as is here described we shall say nothing, nor are we concerned to deny that, with much exaggeration, these statements, or some of them, are fairly applicable to the Church of England as it exists at this moment. The remarkable thing is that "S. G. O." evidently supposes that this is what the founders of the Reformed Establishment meant it to be. We can hardly imagine him to believe that Henry VIII. and Elizabeth were "disposed to give the fullest license to religious liberty." Probably he has read Mr. Froude, or a review of him, and knows that to these pious sovereigns the word and the thing were alike unknown. But he has got it into his head that, somehow or other, this was the basis on which the Established Church was set up in England in the sixteenth century. If it required any historical or theological knowledge to refute this misapprehension, we should not have felt surprise at its keeping undisturbed possession of the mind of "S. G. O." But it so happens that nothing more is wanted to disprove the theory than a superficial acquaintance with the text of the Book of Common Prayer. Whether we regard this formulary as imposed by the State upon the Church, or as imposed by the Church upon herself, and then sanctioned by the State, there can be no doubt that it is the legal exponent of the views of the Church of England on the matters to which "S. G. O." refers. One is accustomed to finding imagination made to do duty for knowledge in writers of a certain type; but really, half the time it must have taken to write his letter to the *Times* would have been more than enough to convince him how baseless a structure he was piling up for the amusement of better-informed readers. First of all, then, the National Church does not, according to "S. G. O.," assume any one who "enters the church-doors" to be "a religious man." We turn to the Prayer-Book, and find that not merely every one "who enters the church-doors," but every parishioner—every one, that is, who lives within a certain distance of the church-doors—is there ordered to communicate three times a year at the least. Now, unless we assume that the framers of the Prayer-Book intended to profane a chief ordinance of their faith, it is clear that they did assume every parishioner to be "a religious man." It will not fare much better with "S. G. O.'s" next discovery. "The Church national has no power to expel from her services those who are known to attend them and yet live reproachable lives." Let us test this by the Prayer-Book. Those parishioners who are ordered to communicate three times a year are further bidden to "signify their names to the curate at least some time the day before" they communicate. If this direction stood by itself it would throw suspicion on "S. G. O.'s" theory, since why should the clergy want to know the names of intending communicants except for the purpose of expelling "those who are known to lead reproachable lives"? But it does not stand by itself. This all-embracing "Church National" goes on:—"And if any of those"—who have signified their names to the curate—"be an open and notorious evil liver, or have done any wrong to his neighbours by word or deed, so that the congregation be thereby offended," the curate is to "call him and advertise him" that he is not to come to Communion "until he hath openly declared himself to have truly repented and amended his former naughty life, that the congregation may thereby be satisfied, which before were offended." This is pretty well for a Church which "has no power to expel from her services those who lead reproachable lives"; but the directions do not stop here even. The curate is to use "the same order" with those "betwixt whom he perceiveth malice and hatred to reign," and in both this and the former case he is bound to give an account of what he has done "to the ordinary within fourteen days after, and the ordinary shall proceed against the offending person according to the canon." All this seems to us to be very much like "claiming a power to investigate the nature and extent" of a man's "religious experience." To repel two men from Communion until they are known to be reconciled, to admit the man who is willing to forgive the other while repelling the man who "remains still in his frowardness and malice," is to approach very closely to that kind of discipline which "S. G. O." evidently supposes has never been heard of except in Dissenting bodies. No doubt he may plead that this discipline has become obsolete, but this will not in the least improve his position. What we complain of is, that men should undertake to instruct their neighbours upon the theory of an Established Church without in the least knowing whether that theory, in the case of the Church of England, is or is not symbolized by existing facts. No one can write to any purpose upon the subjects with which "S. G. O." deals without some acquaintance with the stages by which the system set up in the sixteenth century has developed into the totally different system we now see in operation. To assume that the two are identical is to reduce the whole question to a state of hopeless confusion. It ought not to be too much to expect that theologians who can command all the glory of large type in the *Times* should have mastered those

elementary facts in the history of their own Church which stare them in the face every time they open a Prayer-Book.

Even "S. G. O." can rarely write two columns without stumbling occasionally into common sense. In the latter part of the letter we have been criticizing comes a suggestion which, in some form or other, is really worth considering. "S. G. O." says, truly enough, that men of twenty-three are not usually fit to pledge themselves irrevocably to an ecclesiastical life. His remedy would be to prolong the diaconate stage, and to give the Church power to reject from the priesthood those who have shown themselves undeserving of it, leaving an option at the same time to the deacon to take up another profession if he found he had mistaken his calling. Another, and perhaps a preferable, way of attaining the same end would be to restore the order of sub-deacon, and to fix the ordinary age of ordination to the diaconate a year or two later than at present. That the period of training for orders in the Church of England ought to be lengthened, and that some means ought to be adopted to make the conferring of orders less a matter of course than it is at present, can hardly be doubted. In the Roman Church, though the age of ordination is about the same as in the Church of England, the training begins much earlier, and is very much more severe and systematic. We have no wish to see either of these characteristics introduced among ourselves, as neither the subordination of general to theological education, nor the separation of theological from lay students, which would be implied in such a change, would be at all a real improvement. The only way, therefore, of achieving the result is to postpone the period at which orders are definitively taken. It is difficult not to indulge a fruitless regret that such a reform was not effected a generation ago. In that case "S. G. O." might now have been a layman.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

LORD LYTTON'S "new" play now acted at the Lyceum under the title of the *Rightful Heir* is, strictly speaking, neither new nor old, being the *Sea Captain* so thoroughly reconstructed and rewritten that the word "modification" is insufficient to denote the change that has been wrought. There is a moral collision common to both pieces, and the leading characters in both, with one exception, are alike; but it is only at the starting-point that the stories are essentially the same. Their progress is marked by an increasing divergence, and the goals to which they lead are entirely different from each other.

As the *Sea Captain* has not been acted (save perhaps at some suburban theatre) since 1839, the year of its production at the Haymarket, and as moreover it is not included in Lord Lytton's printed works, we may perhaps venture to describe its plot. Lady Arundel, a countess in her own right, has during the lifetime of her father married a man of comparatively humble birth, whose life, taken by an assassin in the employ of the earl, has paid the forfeit of his presumption. The issue of this marriage, a boy, has in the first instance been confided to the care of a village priest, and has afterwards been decoyed to sea through the machinations of Sir Maurice Beever, a poor cousin of Lady Arundel. The boy having thus been kept safely out of sight, the early indiscretion of Lady Arundel has remained a secret to all save her father, the priest, and the poor cousin; and a lord of suitable lineage, who has afterwards made her his wife, and by whom she is the parent of another son, has died without surmising that he has had a predecessor. It should be added that the second husband was a widower, with sons by a previous marriage, and that, consequently, Lady Arundel's boy, though in the absence of the lost one he is heir to his mother's estate, has no claim to that of the father. The incidents just described precede the commencement of the play, but a clear knowledge of them is necessary to the appreciation of the peculiar position in which Lady Arundel is placed. Stern to everybody else, she is almost culpably indulgent towards her acknowledged son, Lord Ashdale; and the reflection that, if her rightful heir should make his appearance, her darling boy would be reduced to a state of comparative poverty, more than counterbalances whatever affection she may have left for the lost youth, whose birth made an ugly page in the family records, and whom she scarcely beheld in his infancy. The care which the author has taken to account for all that seems unnatural in the lady's subsequent conduct is worthy of consideration.

The lost son is, of course, destined to be found when he is least wanted, being one of those lucky adventurers whom no amount of ill-fortune or ill-will can sink beyond the power of returning to the surface. The man who decoyed him to sea at the instance of Sir Maurice was not only the very person by whom his father was murdered, but a pirate who no sooner revealed himself in his real capacity than the kidnapped stripling cut him down on his own deck, and was accordingly tied to a plank and thrown overboard by the indignant crew. Of course he floated like a cork, and was at last picked up by an English privateer, who, being afterwards killed, left him sole owner of his vessel and his wealth. Among other exploits of his roving life, he has saved an old gentleman and his daughter Violet from an Algerian corsair, and the foundation of a tale of true love has thus been laid.

Captain Norman, as he is called, is as ignorant as the world in general of his relation to the Arundel family, but when, at the commencement of the play, he reappears on British soil for the apparently harmless purpose of learning the secret of his birth from the village priest, and of visiting Violet, whose father is dead,

and who is now residing with Lady Arundel, to whom she is related, the commotion he excites is great. He is at once recognised by Gausson, the pirate, who carries a memorial of their previous interview in the shape of a gash on the forehead, and is always vowing vengeance. Gausson communicates his discovery to Sir Maurice, and Sir Maurice conveys the ill-tidings to Lady Arundel, hoping to be richly paid for services which are performed as much for his own sake as for hers. At any risk the meeting between Norman and the priest must be prevented, and the task of prevention is entrusted by Sir Maurice to his well-tried friend Gausson.

An antagonism now arises between Lord Ashdale and the stranger Captain, in which Lady Arundel warmly espouses the cause of the latter. She has observed that Ashdale is more fond than he ought to be of Violet, and the girl's attachment to the rightful heir to the estate is a stroke of luck not to be disregarded. Receiving Norman kindly, she not only encourages his love for Violet, but urges the necessity of an immediate flight with such eagerness as almost to excite the young damsel's alarm. The lovers are to meet at midnight near a ruined chapel, a certain white plume being worn by Norman as a signal to Violet. But before nightfall arrives, the priest, having received a mortal wound on his refusal to deliver up to Gausson the paper revealing Norman's descent, is rescued from further violence by the Captain, who learns from the dying man all he desired to know.

Lady Arundel, not being altogether free from twitches of conscience when she thinks of the way in which her first-born is treated, would no doubt, if she could, hit on some plan of amicable arrangement that might satisfy her preference for her younger son without altogether sacrificing the rights of the elder brother. She therefore puts leading questions to Ashdale, to ascertain if he could endure to descend a little from his lofty state; and learning that such endurance would be impossible, she makes up her mind that he shall be her only recognised son. Just at this juncture, Norman, brimful of the facts he has gathered from the dying priest, rushes in, hoping to embrace his mother and give his brother a hearty shake of the hand. He is grievously disappointed. Ashdale stalks off before the explanation ensues, taking care to bear with him the Captain's plumed hat and cloak, that he may aptly represent him at the trysting-place; and as for Lady Arundel, she at first refuses to admit that Norman is really her son, and afterwards, when the confession is forced from her, and he generously offers to conceal his birth, she still withholds her maternal benediction. He rushes from his mother in an agony of despair, but all the difficulties of the story are suddenly solved by a striking situation. Ashdale, disguised as Norman, meets Violet, and with her entering the ruined chapel, is followed by Gausson, who is engaged by Sir Maurice to murder both brothers; lastly comes the real Norman, who saves Ashdale's life by killing Gausson. Ashdale were base indeed did he not feel gratitude for his preserver; and Norman may now without impediment be acknowledged by his mother and half-brother, and wedded to Violet.

Many of our older readers will recollect the excitement of the audience at the Haymarket Theatre when—to use the words of the stage-direction—the chapel-doors were thrown open, the torch-bearers entered, and Norman was discovered near an old Gothic tomb, his sword drawn, standing before the body of Gausson. Everybody was taken by surprise; some thought that the elder brother would fall, others deemed that the odds were against the younger; but that the bad man alone was killed, while all the estimable and comparatively estimable personages were safe and sound—this was a *bonne-bouche* of the "sensational," spiced with the moral, that could not be too highly relished. At the present day no end of scenery would have been lavished to bring this situation to a point. In 1839 the word "sensational" had not yet enriched our language, but we had Mr. Macready as Norman and Miss Helen Faucit as Violet. The play altogether was cast in a manner that would be deemed marvellously strong now, though it created no surprise thirty years ago. Mr. Phelps, for instance, is at present the undisputed chief of tragedy, and of a certain section of comedy. In 1839 he was content to represent the priest, a good old heavy gentleman whom our fathers would have associated with the name of Egerton. Still, as a whole, the *Sea Captain* was not very successful, nor was it played for many consecutive nights. It disappointed the public, who had been enraptured with the *Lady of Lyons* and highly gratified by *Richelieu*, and it was afterwards forgotten in the brilliant success of the comedy *Money*, by which it was followed at no very long interval. The general impression was that it was somewhat thin, and lacked absorbing interest, though the situation just described, and the previous interview between Norman and his mother, proved highly effective. A funny account of it written by Mr. Thackeray in the *Yellowplush* dialect increased the irreverence with which it was regarded; for though Mr. Thackeray had not then even approached the elevation which he afterwards attained, and never through all his career knew or cared much about things theatrical, his joke was quite sufficient to upset an already tottering edifice.

That Lord Lytton should have returned to his forgotten work with a view of refitting it for another encounter with the public is not surprising. His principal collision was powerful, and most ingeniously contrived, and he might readily conceive that in his superstructure he had not done justice to his foundation. The subject, in his opinion, was capable of better treatment, and better treatment he was evidently resolved it should have, at any reasonable expenditure of time and trouble. Even a hasty glance, first

at the *Sea Captain* and then at the *Rightful Heir*, will show that no one could have more severely criticized the former than the author himself. The change of the names of all the *dramatis personæ*, with the single exception of the lieutenant, is itself a trifling alteration, but it indicates a strong determination to destroy as far as possible all the connexion between the newer and the older play.

To make his story more substantial Lord Lytton begins by connecting it with the attempted invasion of the Spanish Armada, and the historical significance thus obtained is heightened by a slight sacrifice of chronological accuracy, the capture of Cadiz being made to follow the defeat of the Armada after the short interval of a year. The immediate marriage of Evelyn (Violet) and Vyvyan (Norman) is prevented by the duty imposed on the latter of immediately joining his ship, and Queen Elizabeth's address to her loving people, read to an applauding throng, is highly effective. It is all very well to stigmatize every appeal to patriotic sentiments as claptrap, but, when the glorious events of our country's history are to be repeated on the stage, it is neither easy nor desirable to avoid rousing the sympathies of the least-educated portion of the public. The Americans, to whom Lord Lytton dedicates his work, applaud Madame Ristori and her follower, Mrs. Landells, to the echo when they represent Queen Elizabeth, whom they regard as a great queen of their own race, defying the Spaniard, and they will be astonished to find that in the land of Elizabeth critics are not wanting who find bad taste in the expression of national feeling.

The great "sensational" situation which brought the *Sea Captain* to such an effective close has been ruthlessly struck out, and we should like to see another living writer who could be persuaded to sacrifice his grand effect for the sake of giving more solidity to his work. Play after play has been written with no other intention than that of producing excitement by means of a single scene, the hours that have preceded the thrilling moment being filled up with huge courses of dulness. But Lord Lytton has evidently felt that his principal personage, though professionally a sea captain, is no representative of his calling, being in the story simply treated as a son and a lover. The personal honour of the man, as a warrior engaged in the service of his country, must be brought into consideration. This improvement is effected by completely changing the termination to the story.

Challenged by Lord Beaufort (Ashdale), and preparing to meet him on his way to the ship, Vyvyan has in the meanwhile conversed with the priest (who is not murdered), and having learned from him the story of his birth, seeks his mother and claims acknowledgment as a son. This is one of the strong situations of the *Sea Captain*, but it is so far modified that Vyvyan, instead of rushing from the stage in despair, ultimately receives the benediction of his mother, and, satisfied with that, relinquishes his legal rights. Here we have an instance of the author's anxiety to account for his incidents—an anxiety previously shown in a wanton act of cruelty committed by Lord Beaufort. The poor cousin, Sir Maurice Beevor, was a comic personage in the original, and afforded an excellent part to the late Mr. Strickland. As Sir Grey de Malpas, his miserly penurious character vanishes, he uniformly talks blank verse, and his prominent sentiments are those proper to ambition and discontented poverty. A new motive of vindictiveness against Lord Beaufort was required after he had endured the haughty young impediment for so many years, and that this may be supplied Beaufort shoots the poor man's dog—his only friend—and thus a new raw is established. Having reached the spot where he is to encounter Beaufort, and intending to grasp him by the hand as a brother, Vyvyan is followed by the pirate, Wreckcliff (Gausson), who is commissioned by Sir Grey to murder the *Sea Captain* if he survives an encounter with his adversary. Beaufort vainly endeavouring so to gall Vyvyan's temper as to render a fight inevitable, the brothers struggle, and the elder falls down a precipice, whither he is followed by the watchful pirate. This situation, to which nothing in the *Sea Captain* corresponds, is not sufficiently clear. Beaufort is henceforward a prey to remorse, and in his new character of a man mentally and bodily cast down, he is the chief personage of the last act. But we do not know the exact sort of murder of which he thinks he is guilty. He has not discovered that his antagonist was his brother, and if he had killed him in mortal combat, as he had intended, his remorse would have been slight. Be that as it may, he appears in the fifth act as a very contrite sinner, and it is now the sole purpose of Sir Grey de Malpas to bring him to the scaffold. Bones found at the bottom of the precipice are at first deemed sufficient evidence against him, but the truth is ultimately revealed by Vyvyan himself, who, uninjured by the fall, has killed the pirate in self-defence, and has redeemed the honour he lost in missing his ship by taking part in the siege of Cadiz.

We have been perhaps somewhat prolix in describing the plot of the older play, and the process by which the newer play has been constructed from it; but dramatic works with a pretension to literature are now so extremely rare that, when one is produced by an author of established eminence, it surely deserves a larger measure of attention than the many pieces that seem solely designed to promote the employment of painters and mechanics. That the *Sea Captain* is greatly improved by its conversion into the *Rightful Heir* must, we think, be admitted by all who have the two plots distinctly before them, and can compare act with act. Let us add, that the dialogue is improved likewise, the author advancing in the poetical direction, and, where he has virtually retained speeches already written, so touching them up

that the lines of the *Sea Captain* reproduced *verbatim* in the *Rightful Heir* are exceedingly few. That the play will not bask under the sunshine of public favour seems to be a very general opinion, nor is there any great reason to dissent from it. Nevertheless, this opinion does not necessarily imply a judgment on the merits of the work, but may be based on a conviction that the present is not a period when a large public can be pleased with a well-constructed story adorned with poetical diction. Whether the more imposing speeches in the *Rightful Heir* belong to the highest order of dramatic poetry is one question; but that they rise far beyond the level of anything in the practically dramatic shape that is commonly written now, is beyond a doubt.

The performance of the *Rightful Heir* at the Lyceum Theatre is not of the kind to ensure success for a literary work, when literature has ceased to be one of the main attractions of the stage. Mr. Bandmann, good in the delivery of the descriptive speeches which belong to that character, has not made of the *Sea Captain* one of those figures about which people talk on the day following their visit to the play. Mrs. H. Vezin does herself infinite credit by her intelligent performance of the Countess, but the character is unsuited to her physical powers. The only actor who gives unqualified satisfaction is Mr. Hermann Vezin, who plays Sir Grey de Malpas. But one wicked old man in a play, unless he be made a very towering scoundrel indeed, like one of Massinger's wealthy villains, is scarcely enough to create a furore. The manner in which the piece is put upon the stage is, moreover, completely adverse to the fitting enjoyment of the poem. The *Rightful Heir* is no more a suitable vehicle for spectacle than Young's *Night Thoughts* is a work fit to be illustrated with portraits of the Doges of Venice. A series of ordinary, correct, well-painted scenes, with good actors in front of them, is all that is required to give the *Rightful Heir* a fair trial; and if anything "spectacular" naturally grows out of these requisites, so much the better. But the Lyceum scenes demand curtains that subdivide acts into tableaux, increasing the frequency and lengths of the pauses in the action, and the author's construction is altogether obscured. To be appreciated, the *Rightful Heir* should be read; and when we say this, we mean that it is a play suited rather for the closet than for the stage. Lord Lytton is not one of those literary men who write plays without a knowledge of stage exigencies, and are either disappointed at finding their works rejected, or avoid the disappointment by addressing themselves to that very small section of the public which comprises the readers of new dramatic poetry. He is as much a practical dramatist as any of his contemporaries; and to compare the author of the *Lady of Lyons*, a play that has kept the stage for thirty years, with Cardinal Richelieu—who, great in other respects, could not acquire fame as a dramatic poet—is simply absurd. When we say that the *Rightful Heir* ought to be read, we have a special reference to the present state of the theatre, both before and behind the curtain.

Consolation in dark times is certainly entitled to gratitude, and therefore those few among the hopeful who still look forward to the revival of the English stage owe their thanks to the writer of a long letter which has appeared in the *Times*, under the signature "Fiat Justitia," and will overlook his curious propensity to misquote lines, and then to condemn the metre as it is presented after being maimed by misquotation. The stage, he tells us, is in a state of transition which will result in something greater than was ever seen before, and the Shakspeare of the future will distinguish himself by reflecting the bright present in lieu of the dim past. We are sorry not to be in a condition to accept that solace. We can see in Mr. Dickens, when he writes in his best manner, a reproduction of certain human realities of the present age; and when we hear him read his own works, our perception of his faculty becomes more vivid. On the other hand, in the "sensational" plays which professedly illustrate modern life we see nothing of the kind, but merely a copy of modern cabs, modern gas-lamps, and the like, appended to a series of adventures that belong to no land and no time. That all this looks transitional we admit; but the transition that suggests itself to our mind is from a state of the stage in which the play merely serves as a thread to connect a number of pictures with each other to a state in which the play may be dispensed with altogether. The day seems to be not distant when the cord on which the beads are strung may be thrown away, and an adhesive power in the beads themselves be found to answer every end.

RACING AT NEWMARKET.

IN many respects there was a great falling-off in the Newmarket Second October Meeting this year. There was a diminished attendance, there were fewer races, and small entries for the events closing overnight; and the matches—once such frequent items in a Newmarket programme—were few and far between. The meeting, however, was fertile in two-year-old races, and most of the best performers of the year appeared during the week. The great crack, Belladrum, presented himself at the outset to walk over for the October Produce Stakes, not one of the remaining eight entered caring to oppose him, although, by the conditions of the race, the second horse saved his stake. A good many people took up their positions to see Mr. Merry's horse canter past, but they had not the opportunity of seeing even his slow paces, as he walked the course from beginning to end. Morna positively cantered away over the T.Y.C. from Brennus, De Vere, Juanita, and ten more. At the First October Meeting Juanita (receiving 7 lbs.)

finished some way in front of Sir Joseph Hawley's filly in the Hopeful Stakes. But on that occasion Morna lost start, and the course, over the last half of the Abingdon mile, being very short and very easy, a bad start is sure to be fatal. The very improving Heather Bell (allowed 3 lbs.), won a rich Sweepstakes over the same course from Crocus (3 lbs. extra), The Orphan (3 lbs. extra), and one of Lord Glasgow's Y. Melbourne fillies. The latter was reported to be as good as the filly by Y. Melbourne out of Maid of Masham, who at the First October Meeting beat Duke of Beaufort and Tenedos; and if so, Heather Bell's clever victory would make her out not far from the best of her year. This, indeed, from her subsequent running, is highly probable; for on the following day, carrying 3 lbs. extra, she won the Clearwell Stakes in a canter, beating Martinique (3 lbs. extra), Duke of Beaufort (6 lbs. extra), Le Saphir, Electricity (3 lbs. extra), and the dark Prince Imperial. The last named, whose merits must have been greatly exaggerated, was never formidable, nor was Duke of Beaufort, who is much more suited to a longer course. Martinique went very fast, and at the cords appeared to be winning easily, but she ran very soft at the finish, and stopped directly she was called upon. Heather Bell thus passed her, and won very easily. Martinique, it is clear, does not like too much racing, and, though very speedy, will probably turn out a non-stayer. Comparing Heather Bell's with Belladrum's victory over Martinique at the First October Meeting, the conclusion must be in favour of the latter, whom Martinique never once reached, and who was never extended. Heather Bell, on the contrary, won the Clearwell by superior gameness only, as Martinique was well in front to within fifty yards of home. In the succeeding race Blair Athol was credited with a winner, Ethus carrying off a Maiden Plate for two-year-olds from Glen Rosa and eight more. There was nothing in the performance, and he required some rousing to beat even Glen Rosa. Still the horse looks like growing into a good one, and there will be doubtless competition for him at the sale of Mr. Padwick's stud on the Monday after the Houghton Meeting.

Wednesday's racing was remarkable for the wonderful change of form shown in the course of one hour by Masaniello. In his first race, the Bedford Stakes, he was positively beaten off from Amara, who had hitherto figured only in matches against the most wretched opponents. An hour afterwards he gave 3 lbs. besides the allowance for sex, to Electricity, and beat her by half a length for the Windsor Stakes. The Free Handicap Sweepstakes dwindled down, as usual, to very small dimensions, only six putting in an appearance. Leonie, carrying 9 st. 4 lbs., ran a wonderfully good mare, giving heaps of weight to everything in the race, and finishing a good second to Verity, who was receiving a year and 40 lbs. This great performance naturally elated the friends of her stable companion, Wild Oats, and their confidence in his ability to win the great two-year-old race of the year was unbounded. How they were disappointed we narrated last week. There is no doubt that his running in the Middle Park Plate was all wrong, as compared with his trial form; but then nothing is so rash as to expect such overgrown youngsters to accomplish, on their first public appearance, and in a large field of horses, what they may have done time after time in private with the utmost ease.

On Thursday we had Crocus, Martinique, Carine (a stable companion of Heather Bell), and one of Lord Glasgow's in the Brethby Stakes. The two latter were done with in the Abingdon Bottom, and Martinique running as weakly at the finish as on the Tuesday, Crocus won this good stake for Mr. Merry without being extended. The Newmarket Oaks, for three-year-old fillies, over the Two Middle miles, brought only four out of sixty-nine to the post—namely, Athena, Formosa, Nyanza, and Lady Grace. Athena and Formosa carried 9 st. 3 lbs. each, Nyanza 8 st. 10 lbs., and Lady Grace 8 st. 3 lbs. At about the end of the first mile Fordham took Formosa to the front, and sent her along at such a pace that the other three could never get near her, Athena being a hundred yards behind at the finish. Athena was quite settled by the pace over so long a course, and thus Nyanza was able to secure the 100 sovereigns for second place. Robespierre created universal astonishment by beating Abstinence over the Brethby Stakes Course in the last race of the day, a great many people not caring to remain to see what was considered a moral certainty for the mare. It was forgotten, however, that Robespierre finished a long way in front of Abstinence at Stockbridge, in the Eltham Plate, and that Abstinence has more than once displayed a disinclination to face a hill. The hill beat her here, and Robespierre won at the last rather easily. This was one of Fordham's great days, the celebrated jockey winning no fewer than seven races. On this day also, Hermit—how are the mighty fallen!—proved himself unable to concede fair handicap weights to such animals as Acorn, Court Mantle, and Nine Elms.

The feature of Friday's racing was the Prendergast Stakes, in which every one hoped to see a second encounter between Wild Oats and Pero Gomez. The latter, however, did not start, Sir Joseph Hawley choosing to be represented by Morna (6 lbs. extra). There were only two other runners, Antias (6 lbs. extra) and Little Nell. Challoner rode Wild Oats on this occasion, and we should say he had not a very pleasant ride. Usually one of the quietest of horsemen, he had now to use the greatest physical exertions to induce the sluggish, ungenerous monster he was bestriding to go ahead at his full pace. It must be admitted, however, that when once he succeeded in getting him to go he

might as well have tried to stop a steam-engine. The question was whether he could be got out fairly. His jockey certainly could not get him out in the Middle Park Plate; and it is probable that it will always take a very strong rider to extend him thoroughly, and a machine to make him stop when he is once extended. His stride is enormous, and when once Morna, who alone of his three opponents pretended to make a fight with him, was in difficulties, she was pulled up (having another engagement later in the afternoon), and the giant came in a winner by ten lengths. What Wild Oats will grow into must be left to the future to decide; but at present he does not look or run like one to be trusted in a large field, or when the pinch comes, or in any case except in the hands of two or three particular jockeys. The policy, also, of running such immense animals as two-year-olds is very questionable; but that is, of course, a matter about which owners must please themselves. The engagement for which we have mentioned that Morna was reserved was a match between her and Acaster, over the T.Y.C., the filly conceding 10 lbs. to the horse. This was a very easy affair for Morna, who, none the worse for the previous race, disposed of Acaster with the greatest ease. Sir Joseph Hawley will probably not win so easy a victory next spring, when Blue Gown is set down to run Vespasian across the Flat, giving him 4 lbs. The task is a tremendous one, though the course is a little beyond Vespasian's distance; but, on the other hand, horses are more likely to make improvement between three and four years than between five and six.

It would be unfair to conclude any notice of last week's racing at Newmarket without calling attention to the manifold successes of Stockwell. That he has been going down in public estimation as a sire for some little time is evident; it is also true that he is getting old, and further that his services are so excessively sought after, that it is no wonder that many of his sons and daughters are little better than weeds and screws. We pass over the victories of Athena—a lucky mare, who is constantly walking over for rich sweepstakes—and Typhous, who has recently fallen among cripples worse than himself. We would confine ourselves to four of his progeny who were returned as winners last week—Naivété, Robespierre, Heather Bell, and Belladrum. Naivété, no one will deny, has grown into a slashing mare, and cut down her five opponents on the Rowley mile—moderate, indeed, they were—with inconceivable ease. Robespierre is an improving colt, and breasted the hill in his race with Abstinence with thorough goodwill. Heather Bell is unquestionably the best filly of her year that we have seen, and Belladrum we believe to be the best colt, though next Tuesday our opinion may be proved to be incorrect. Anyhow, they are a pretty good quartet, and their sire may be pardoned some shortcomings as long as such representatives continue sound, well, and full of running.

REVIEWS.

HISTORIC STUDY IN FRANCE.*

THERE was nothing unreasonable in the hope which Augustin Thierry expressed in 1834, that history would give its name to the nineteenth as philosophy had given its name to the eighteenth century. His own name stood prominent in the band of great writers who, for France at least, soon justified his hope. It was their aim to blend together the excellences of the two schools of historic study which had preceded the Revolution—to combine the largeness of scope, the philosophic breadth of Voltaire, with the exact research, the profound learning of the Benedictines of St. Maur. But it was something more than this eclectic spirit which in Sismondi, Michelet, de Barante, Mignet, and Thiers, placed France only thirty years ago at the head of the historical schools of Europe. The first lull of the Revolution enabled men to realize the vastness of the change it had wrought. In France the change had been not so much a political as a social one. The whole fabric of French society before 1789 had been roughly swept away. A new people, resting on a new principle, the principle of social equality, had taken the place of the warring classes of monarchical France. The change had been wrought by a Revolution, by a series of dramatic events, by the sudden appearance of men of an heroic type, by wars and triumphs and defeats that gave a new colour and activity to the life of the world. Above all, the very chaos of the first destruction, the gigantic energy of a freed people, the Nemesis that waited alike on the excesses of republic or empire, read to the children of the Revolution like a vindication of the great laws of truth and justice and liberty which the world could never forget. If moral discrimination, love of right, contempt for mere glory borrows in Sismondi something of pedantry and narrowness from his sojourn at Geneva, there is still a grandeur in the attitude of the man as he looks on unmoved at the marvellous exploits of Napoleon, and deliberately chooses freedom and peace in the face of the Empire and Austerlitz. There is not one, indeed, of the school in whom this sense of the moral aspect of history is wanting, though in de Barante it is rather the interest, the movement, the picturesqueness of the time which he looks for and finds and reflects for his readers in the past. But it is the social change which we

feel as really inspiring the whole group; they do for history what the Revolution had done for France, they sweep away kings and nobles and priests to find the people beneath them. It is the serfage of the people under the Chinese organization of the Roman rule, its emancipation under the barbarians and the Church, that M. Guizot really investigated in his well-known Lectures. Thierry, so unfortunately known to the bulk of English readers by his one bad work, the History of the Norman Conquest, continued in his researches into the communal history of France that story of "the third estate" which he had begun in his *Récits Mérovingiens*. The great work in which Michelet painted the fortunes of France to the eve of the Renaissance summed up all the various excellences of the school. Seizing the Teutonic origin of the nation with a bolder grasp than Thierry, surpassing de Barante in the picturesqueness of his mediæval detail, reserved and conscientious as Guizot, loving justice and truth no less zealously and with a far greater discrimination than Sismondi, infinitely superior to all in the Benedictine minuteness of his research, and in the wide and varied range of his knowledge, what really lifted M. Michelet above his fellows was the intense human sympathy which enabled him to understand and to express the subtlest as well as the deepest voices of the past. It is easy to pass over an extravagance here and there in pages which give us the very soul of the Celt as he sits singing his weird dirges on the rocks of Brittany, of the Flemish weaver as he bends over his loom at Bruges, of Jeanne d'Arc as she dreams at Domremy. Not merely because he is poet, artist, philosopher, antiquary, archivist in one, but because he is penetrated above all other historians with human sympathy, the earlier history of M. Michelet ranks among the greatest historic creations that the world has seen since the close of the *Decline and Fall*.

It is perhaps natural that the authors of the Reports now before us on the present state of historical study in France, Reports addressed to His Excellency the Minister of Public Instruction, should find a subject for congratulation in a "second phase of the historic revolution," which has substituted for works and names such as these a chaos of monographs and the school-books of M. Duruy. "*La méthode historique est en progrès!*" It is interesting, by the light of the very useful summary of the work of the last twenty-five years which they have given us, to see in what this historic progress consists. Of the older names of the first school some yet survive. The History of the Revolution of 1640 has appeared since that of 1848 gave M. Guizot a new period of literary leisure. We still look for the successive volumes in which M. Michelet is linking his earlier history with that of 1789. But no real insight into the social or religious phenomena of the time rewards us in the one, while the other has quitted the domain of history altogether. We have no desire to repeat the sparkling little criticisms with which the Imperialist compilers of this Report think fit to quib M. Michelet; his true fault lies not in the physiological tendency of his mind, but in the individual. He has let go the people, to fasten again on priests and kings; and history in his later volumes has dwindled into biography. Even in the earlier portion of his work we could willingly part with a portrait so noble as that of Coligny in exchange for a vivid picture of the Huguenot enthusiasm of the sixteenth century; but in the later it is far harder to forgive the hand which might have given us France seething with revolutionary elements, and which presents us instead with the infamies of the Parc aux Cerfs. A change of a very different sort has passed over M. Thiers. In a merely literary point of view the *Consulat et l'Empire* is a work of far higher merits than his panegyric on the Revolution; historically it is vastly inferior. Its lucid arrangement, the clearness and precision of its style, the easy grace with which the details of a budget, the intricacies of a diplomatic intrigue, the manoeuvres of a battle-field are all rendered simple and intelligible to the most careless of readers, undoubtedly place the later work at the head of "drum and trumpet" histories. Unfortunately, however, France has disappeared. Of the temper, the daily life, the hopes and fears of the great people who wrought all this wonderful work a single novel of MM. Erckmann-Chatrin tells us more than the twenty volumes of M. Thiers. There is in fact through the whole period which these Reports survey only one single work of real historic eminence, the well-known History of the Revolution by M. Louis Blanc. We are by no means forgetting the voluminous gentleman whose history is perhaps better known in England than any of those which we have mentioned. There is no doubt that M. Henri Martin is a very painstaking and industrious person, and that by dint of writing and re-writing he has made his history a very different work from that which originally bore his name. But M. Martin is a mere compiler, and, pretentious as it is, his history still bears in every page signs of the scissors and paste-pot in which it began. To read everything that has been written on the subject, to make careful analyses, and to pin them together, is not to write history. The book, in fact, is typical of the stage at which historical study has actually arrived. "*La muse est devenue plus exigeante,*" say these gentlemen in their pleasant way; and history is smothered in the State Paper Office. So prodigious has been the store of original documents, charters, rolls, despatches, memoirs which have of late been disinterred from the archives of the past, that history has retrograded into annals. It is not every one who can deal with enormous masses of uninteresting facts as de Tocqueville dealt with them in his *L'Ancien Régime*, extracting all that was really living and essential from the forms in which it lay buried. It is easier to transfer the whole mass of facts to the pages of so-called

* *Rapports des les études historiques*. Par MM. Geffroy, Zeller, et Thiénot. Paris.

histories, and to let the distracted reader do the sifting. Histories grow longer and longer in extent, shorter and shorter in the time they cover, simply because historians read more and think less than their predecessors. The inevitable result is that history dies down into the biography, into the monograph, and this is the stage at which historical literature has arrived in France. Here and there a work of the first order, like Poirson's History of Henry the Fourth, emerges from the mass; but for the most part the "études" which form the characteristic of the present period are simply the result of intellectual cowardice. It required the courage as well as the genius of Gibbon to smelt down the brute ore of the Byzantine chroniclers into the pure gold of the *Decline and Fall*.

We do not intend at present applying the principles on which we have dwelt to historical literature on this side of the Channel, although the temptation to inquire how far the same tendencies are producing the same results here as abroad is a sufficiently strong one. One infliction we have at any rate avoided. If we have no one, save perhaps Mr. Froude, in whom the religious sentiment expresses itself so gracefully and with such true poetry as in Ozanam, we have at any rate no writer of note who has descended to the unctuous prettiness of Count Montalembert. We hardly know a book of equal historical rank that is so absolutely untrue to the whole temper and tone of the times of which it treats as his much praised *Monks of the West*. It was trying to have Scotchmen turning St. Columba into a bishop-hating Presbyterian; it is intolerable to have him turned into a smug priest from the latest *seminaire*. It would be curious to inquire why we have done so little in one of the greatest and most promising fields of modern research, the comparative history of religions, so admirably begun in the works of Burnouf and Barthélemy St. Hilaire, or in the philological investigation of the earliest human origins. It would, at any rate, be easy to produce works more accurate than the summaries of M.M. Pictet and Renan. The strong classical reaction which followed on the mediæval enthusiasm of thirty years ago has produced in France a host of very interesting monographs, but no works which can compare in value or extent with those of Mr. Grote or Mr. Finlay; yet it must be owned that Germany has been the first, in Mommsen and Curtius, to pour a real life and interest into the annals of Greece and Rome. Where our neighbours have a huge start of us is in the character of their manuals and schoolbooks. We have nothing to compare with Lavallée's History of France, or with the series of handbooks to classical and modern history which are now appearing under the patronage of M. Duruy. Some series of the kind, we believe, has long been in hand for the Oxford Delegates, and Mr. Kingsley has promised us a Child's History of England which will perhaps send us back a little more contented to our *Student's Home*. But it is a disgrace to English literature, which these Reports bring keenly home to us, that we have no short history of our country which is not at once blundering and dull.

HUNTLEY'S COTSWOLD GLOSSARY.*

THIS is a posthumous work of a Gloucestershire clergyman who died some years back. As he was, according to the title-page, in his temporal capacity, owner of a "Court," which generally implies a manor and estate, and, in his spiritual capacity, rector and vicar of three parishes at once, he must have been an active man if he found much time for philological study. The anonymous editor tells us that, as it is a posthumous work, "great difficulty has been found in editing it correctly," and he asks that "the reader will kindly make allowance for any remaining imperfections." We hardly need this deprecation, as we can easily take Mr. Huntley's measure without minding greatly how many or how few mere slips of the pen may have crept into the text from an unrevised manuscript. Mr. Huntley belongs to a past generation, and he must be judged accordingly. He is essentially pre-scientific. His philology, judged by the latest lights, is simply abject, but then he had not the advantage of our modern lights. There are many things in Mr. Huntley's little book on which we should come down very hard if it had been written yesterday; but then it was not written yesterday. Mr. Huntley seems to have had his eyes more open in the collection of facts, and to have shown more acuteness in the arrangement of his facts, than was at all usual in his own generation. We know enough of the dialect of which Mr. Huntley writes to be able to say that he has caught its peculiarities better than is generally the case with local collectors of his class. He has also a clearer notion of the geographical extent of the dialect with which he is concerned than they commonly have. He is conscious that his Cotswold dialect is not confined within the artificial bounds of his own shire, and he himself traces it over a much larger district. Local inquirers commonly pay such an abject worship to their own shires that this alone does a good deal of credit to Mr. Huntley's power of observation. That he should have had any idea of the importance of his own observations with regard to the general history of the English settlements in Britain was perhaps too much to ask for. Again, he makes a praiseworthy attempt to connect the dialect of which he writes with the general history of English literature; he claims Robert of Gloucester, and Shakspeare himself, as authors who wrote in the Cotswold dialect. All these things point out Mr. Huntley as

having been above the average of his order. On the other hand, his attempts at philology, his nomenclature and classification of languages and dialects, do indeed, by our present lights, seem astounding. One can hardly conceive more helpless puzzledom than the following:—

We believe that the roots chiefly discoverable in this dialect will be the Dutch, Saxon, and Scandinavian; bearing evidence of the Belgic, Saxon, and Danish invasions, which have visited the Cotswold region. Occasionally, a Welsh or Gaelic root shows itself, and is probably a lingering word of the old aboriginal British inhabitants, who were subsequently displaced by German or Northern irruptions. One or two words seem to be derived from the Sanscrit, which may have been obtained from our German relations; one word from the Hebrew may have been left among us when the Celtic tribes were driven into Wales.

We are used to any sort of talk about "Saxon" and Scandinavian, but we were fairly floored for a moment by the appearance of "Dutch" as an element in the speech of Gloucestershire distinct from "Saxon" and Scandinavian. We look on and we see that the "Dutch" roots answer to the "Belgic" invasion. Mr. Huntley evidently thought that the Belge—we beg to be excused from committing ourselves to any theory about the Belge—brought with them the "Dutch" tongue, by which Mr. Huntley clearly understood the modern speech of Holland. In the Glossary we find not only Dutch, Saxon, Icelandic, and, more remarkably, "Suio-Gothic" words, but also "Teuton," "Teut," "German," "Frisian," and, in one place "Austrian" words. All this is not exactly a logical division, and the matter is still further perplexed by the "one or two words derived from the Sanscrit" which "may have been obtained from our German relations." This is quite beyond us. "Our German relations" seem to be a class distinct from the Saxons, Dutchmen, and so forth—a class of people conceived to have special opportunities of dealing with things Sanscrit. Mr. Huntley can hardly mean that Professor Müller has introduced a special Sanscrit element into the speech of the Cotswolds. And, in the sentence which follows, we deeply regret to see Mr. Huntley fall aside into one-half of the Judaizing heresy of his neighbour Mr. Lysons. Mr. Huntley was to be congratulated on knowing that Englishmen were not Welshmen; but he evidently thought that Welshmen were Jews.

There can be no doubt that this Cotswold dialect is strictly Saxon, a fact the more remarkable as the country came so early under Anglian rule. The extent assigned to the dialect by Mr. Huntley should be noticed:—

This dialect extends along the Cotswold, or oolitic, range, till we have passed through Northamptonshire; and it spreads over Wilts, Dorsetshire, Northern Somersetshire, and probably the western parts of Hampshire. In Oxfordshire the University has considerably weakened the language by an infusion of Latinisms; and in Berkshire it has suffered still more by London slang and Cockneyisms.

We do not understand the mention of Northamptonshire. Perhaps Mr. Huntley means that the dialect stretches through Warwickshire in the direction of Northamptonshire. But it strikes one at once that the extent of country traced out by Mr. Huntley, evidently without thinking of the Chronicles or anything to do with them, coincides most remarkably with Wessex, as Wessex stood about the beginning of the seventh century. His district leaves out the *Wessexyn*, Cornwall, Devonshire, and the Welsh part of Somersetshire, while it takes in, if not all, at least the greater part, of the conquests of Cutha in 571, and of Ceawlin in 577. One would however like to know more exactly how far the dialect extends northward along the Severn Valley, the line of Ceawlin's conquest. Now all the part of this country which lies north of Thames and Avon came very early, most likely in 628, under the power of Mercia; yet it seems to have retained its Saxon speech to this day. Mr. Huntley's witness to a point like this is of the more value, because it is clear that, whatever theories he may have had about "Dutch" and "Austrian" and "Suio-Gothic," he had no theories at all about West-Saxons and Mercians.

It is therefore rather by a happy accident than anything else that Mr. Huntley's little book throws any light on the historical origin of the Saxon dialect of the Hwiccas. But his Glossary itself, and the Introduction also, are really valuable as records of the observations of a man who clearly kept his wits about him. We might have complained of Mr. Huntley for falling into the usual fault of Glossary-makers, that of setting down as local peculiarities forms which, though used in the district in question, are just as familiarly used in other districts. But Mr. Huntley rather parries this criticism by saying "that some of the words found in the following Glossary are not, strictly speaking, dialectal, but only still in continual use in this district, while they are dying rapidly in other places." He instances the word "wag," as being, in the Cotswolds, not confined to a dog's tail, but applied to motion in general. But surely it is applied, if to nothing else, yet to the tongue, in other parts besides the Cotswolds. And we find other words in Mr. Huntley's Glossary, which, though no doubt used in his district, do not strike us as at all characteristic of it. But he gives us abundance of genuine characteristic local expressions, which at once strike any stranger on coming into Gloucestershire and hearing the speech of its people. First and foremost let us put the eminently expressive word "Caddle," noun and verb. "To busy with trifles; to confuse; to vex," says Mr. Huntley; but none of these words give the full force of "caddle" in a Gloucestershire mouth. "Worry" and "bother" come nearer to it; but these too fall short of "caddle." "There's such a caddle among the girls," says a Cotswold-born coachman, when his master's kitchen has been twice cleared out of the handmaidens who were quarrelling

* A Glossary of the Cotswold (Gloucestershire) Dialect, illustrated by Examples from Ancient Authors. By the late Rev. Richard Webster Huntley, A.M. London: J. R. Smith. Gloucester: Nest. 1868.

about himself. Mr. Huntley does not attempt any derivation of a word which, we must say, does his shire credit. He only adds, "Caddler is, we believe, *Old French*, with the same sense." We can find only "cadeleir, cadeleir, chadeler, chadeler, capdelare," which is explained to mean "conduire, emmener, enchaîner, enfermer." This hardly suits Mr. Huntley's purpose, and we trust that "caddle" may turn out to be Dutch of some kind, even if it be only Austrian or Suio-Gothic. Mr. Huntley leaves out another phrase quite as characteristic as "caddle," namely, the use of "bound"—"he's bound to do so and so"—which does not imply any legal or moral obligation, but simply that he can't help doing it, from whatever cause. "Hoop" for a bullfinch, and "quist" for a wood-pigeon, we recognise with pleasure. We well remember the first time we heard the former of these words, and were a little disappointed when no rarer fowl than the bullfinch answered to the name, as we fully expected to see Epops or the hoopoe. Mr. Huntley adds "dormouse," meaning a bat, which we did not know of; but we do not find "buzzard," meaning, not a bird of prey, but a moth—a use of the word which always struck us as very expressive. Nor do we find "millard," which seems in those parts to be always used for "miller," whether the *d* be euphonic, or whether "millard" be the corruption, according to a known rule, of "millward," so as to mean a manorial officer rather than a mere trade. Many of the words in the Glossary, though in no way peculiar to the district, are charming bits of genuine English, which it does one good to come across. Take, for instance, "hele" to cover, and its derivative "heiler" a thatcher, which has also passed into a surname. "Helier" also, as meaning generally one who covers, is a tyler as well as a thatcher, as we find in one of the small remains of the genuine writings of Thomas Walsingham. "Primus et principalis dicebatur Walterus Tyler, ut quidam dicunt Walterus Heliger," where the words in italics seem to be one of the few and far-between bits of the genuine Walsingham. Other good words are "mere," in the sense of a boundary; "moil," as in the ballad on the clothing-trade quoted by Macaulay,—"We scorn to toil and moil,"—"sprack" and "tid," words which we have often heard applied to the playfulness or viciousness of a horse. The former word helps to make a surname famous in the North. Mr. Huntley quotes a Swedish King, Thorgils Sprakaleg, whom we half suspect to be mythical, but we know Thorgils Sprakaleg, the name exactly answering to the Homeric epithets of Achilles, as the father of Jarl Ulf and of Gytha the wife of Godwine.

We have not said much of Mr. Huntley's etymologies, as they are not his strongest point. Perhaps it was a praiseworthy wish to make out Gloucestershire as little Welsh, and therefore as little Jewish, as possible, which made him fail to mark that "combe," a word so common in the local nomenclature both of Gloucestershire and Somersetshire, is plainly one of the few Welsh words which have crept into English, being clearly the same as the Welsh *cwm*, identical in sound and meaning. And what, by the way, is the origin of the word Cotswold itself? Is the first syllable English or Welsh? It is certainly tempting to see in it the Welsh "coed," and to make Cotswold one of those names which are formed by the union of synonymous words, English and Welsh. We must, however, quote one good philological remark of Mr. Huntley's—namely, that the constant use of "he" in the feminine is nothing in the world but the Old-English feminine "heo," so oddly supplanted in our modern speech by the article "she."

The best part of Mr. Huntley's book is his constant illustrations of the literary use of the words which he has collected, drawn from writers from Robert of Gloucester onwards. Of course many of these instances show that the words are in no sense distinctively Gloucestershire words, but simply archaic words which by good luck have survived in Gloucestershire, and no doubt in other places also. But to many readers the most interesting part of Mr. Huntley's speculations will be the note in which he maintains the following theory about Shakespeare:—

The portion of Shakespeare's life which has always been involved in obscurity is the interval between his removal from Warwickshire and his arrival in London; and this period, we think, was probably spent in a retreat among his kindred at Dursley, in Gloucestershire.

Mr. Huntley's arguments in support of this position will be best left in his own words:—

Some passages in his writings show an intimate acquaintance with Dursley, and the names of its inhabitants. In the Second Part of Henry IV., act v. sc. 1, "Gloucestershire," *Davy* says to *Justice Shallow*—"I beseech you, Sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot, against Clement Perkes of the Hill." This Woncot, as Mr. Stevens, the commentator, supposes, in a note to another passage in the same play (act v. sc. 3), is Woodmancot, still pronounced by the common people "Woncot," a township in the parish of Dursley. It is also to be observed that in Shakespeare's time a family named Visor, the ancestors of the present family of Vizard, of Dursley, resided and held property in Woodmancot. This township lies at the foot of Stinchcombe Hill, still emphatically called "The Hill" in that neighbourhood on account of the magnificent view which it commands. On this hill is the site of a house wherein a family named "Purchase," or "Perkis," once lived, which seems to be identical with "Clement Perkes of the Hill." In addition to these coincidences, we must mention the fact that a family named Shakespeare formerly resided in Dursley, as appears by an ancient rate-book, which family still exist, as small freeholders, in the adjoining parish of Bagpath, and claim kindred with the poet.

Mr. Huntley quotes one or two local traditions supporting his view, and adds that the description of Berkeley Castle in Richard II. "is so exact that it is scarcely possible to read it without considering it as if seen from Stinchcombe Hill." We hope that all

this may meet with the notice and approval of Mr. Halliwell and his friends. It would be the making of the good town of Dursley if Mr. Halliwell should ever set up a Jubilee there, and he would no doubt find that the heart of Dursley and Woodmancot still "beats Shakespearianly."

A SCHOOL ASTRONOMY.*

TO write an elementary book upon anything is one of the most difficult tasks which a man can set himself. Every one thinks he can do it till he tries, and then almost every one breaks down. If the work happens to be a scientific one, the difficulty is doubled. A master of the subject fancies that nothing is easier than to make it clear to beginners, and straightway falls into the brilliant error which has led some of our best writers astray; in his anxiety to make the elements clear, he plunges into the metaphysics which lie at the root of most scientific subjects, and produces a little treatise invaluable in clearing up the ideas of comparatively advanced students, but absolutely useless for its avowed purpose of introducing raw minds to the study of a new science. Or perhaps the task is undertaken by a showy charlatan, and then verbiage and hazy twaddle of every description take the place of the terse and racy exposition which alone seizes hold of a boy's mind. In some respects astronomy promises to be one of the easiest subjects to treat in elementary fashion, and yet it is precisely the science in which the failures have been most conspicuous. This is perhaps as much the fault of those who have undertaken the task as of the subject itself. But the fact remains that, with the exception of such works as those of Herschel and Arago, which are altogether too ample for school use, there have been scarcely any popular astronomies published good enough to deserve even the castigation of a review. Astronomy has nevertheless the great advantage over most scientific subjects that the metaphysical difficulties which underlie it are insignificant. Schools of philosophy have a great deal to say about the ideas of space and time, but, for all that, every child has the notions of succession and extension quite sufficiently developed to enter at once upon a study which deals only with periods, distances, and velocities. This is all that is wanted as the basis of formal as distinguished from physical astronomy, and nothing is easier than to separate the two, and put the student fully in possession of astronomical facts, before you begin to trouble him with the conceptions of cause and force which underlie the mechanical part of the subject as they do every other branch of mechanics. The real difficulty which has baffled most of those who have attempted to bring down astronomy to the level of immature minds is the extreme complexity of many of the geometrical conceptions involved in it. Very few young minds, and not very many of those that are supposed to be mature in age and training, are capable of anything beyond the very simplest geometrical ideas. We have known judicial intellects of the highest order utterly floored by a common surveyor's plan, and indeed this want of power in grasping the relations of space is about the most serious of the many defects chargeable to our half-ancient, half-modern system of education. But apart from the weaknesses of strong grown men, we may be quite sure of this, that the greatest difficulty which can be presented to a boy is a geometrical figure or description, especially if it deals with more than one plane, or otherwise invades the province of solid geometry.

A forgetfulness of this fact is the vice which has ruined most school astronomies. Boys are taught first to look at the heavens as they seem, to contemplate the rising and setting of the sun, the seasons of the year, the phases of the moon, the queer zigzag paths of the planets, and then the teacher strives with more or less honest effort to disentangle out of this complicated mass of phenomena the really simple arrangements which govern the universe. By this process the boy's mind is beaten and disgusted at the outset, and astronomy is voted a more grievous vexation than arithmetic itself. And yet all the while this difficulty on the threshold is purely artificial. The heavens, as seen from the revolving and rotating earth, do present a spectacle of infinite confusion; but there is no reason why the young learner should be forced, as he almost always is, into its contemplation before he is allowed to form a conception of the grand symmetry and simplicity of the scheme of the universe.

To our mind it is quite refreshing to come across an elementary astronomy which kicks this stumbling-block aside, as Mr. Lockyer has done in the useful little book which he has contributed to Macmillan's series of Scientific Class Books. Instead of beginning with a description of the involved spectacle which we gaze upon from the earth, he takes his student at once to the outside of the universe, and shows him how it is composed. In place of what appears he exhibits what is, and as all the complexity is, so to speak, subjective to the earth—the result of our position in a "moveable observatory," as he happily terms it—the great knot of the subject is cut at once by this simple inversion of the usual order of exhibiting it. He tells his pupils in the outset to remember that they notice in the heavens stars, sun, moon, planets, comets and nebulae, and then he places them in imagination outside of the whole, and introduces them first to the great star system which we call our universe. A few simple explanations show that stars and sun shine because they are white hot, the further off the fainter, like

* *Elementary Lessons in Astronomy.* By Norman Lockyer, F.R.S. London: Macmillan & Co. 1868.

a far-off window or a distant gas-lamp; that planets and moon shine because they are lighted up, and on one side only; that comets and nebulae are nothing but blazing gas; and then, with these few simple facts in his mind, the boy is led to his first geometrical effort—the conception of the shape of our universe as shown by the configuration of the Milky Way. The form being thus grasped, the immensity of celestial magnitudes has to be got into the reader's mind as well as it may be; and the only manageable measure, the velocity of light, is introduced at once to facilitate the conception. In the sketch of the starry universe the author has not hesitated to describe the actual constitution of the stars as revealed by the most recent discoveries from spectrum analysis, reserving the explanation of this method of observation for a much later portion of his work. All this is true to the right theory of boy-teaching. If you tell your pupil that the stars have photospheres, and that some of the metals and other substances familiar to us in our own planet have been seen to be burning in them, he will realize the idea at once without asking how you found it out. The young mind is infinitely eager for facts, but almost utterly indifferent to proof. The moral is to give young minds the facts first, and reserve the evidence until they are sufficiently advanced to appreciate it. And it is because it deals with the subject in this order and on this principle that we believe Mr. Lockyer's astronomy will go a long way to supply the want of a good school text-book on the subject. From the stars he passes to the sun, and goes fearlessly into all the wonderful details that modern observers have deciphered. The singular history of sun-spots, the flaming vapour of the "prominences" seen in an eclipse, all are noted almost in the outset of the book; and, if we once accept the principle that the mind should be first fed with that which it can most easily assimilate, it is impossible to doubt that this is a sounder order of treatment than one which begins by puzzling the crude intellect with the intricacies of apparent motions. It is no small addition to this and many other descriptive portions of the book, that the appearances of the heavenly bodies, the form and changes of the sun-spots, the volcanoes and sea-bottoms of the moon, the aspects of the planets under high magnifying powers, and other objects of interest, are illustrated by some of the best sketches and photographs (including the well-known photographs of Mr. De La Rue) which have yet been produced. From the description of the heavenly bodies, the next step is to the comparatively simple conception of the solar system as seen from a heliocentric point of view; and the first new geometrical ideas presented are the inclinations of the planetary and cometary orbits to the plane of the ecliptic, and the elliptical form which they all assume. These, like almost all the other ideas, are imported in the rough, so rough indeed as to challenge criticism, though perhaps not too rough to fix the juvenile mind. Thus the disappearance of the stars by day is explained, not by saying that the superior brightness of the sun prevents the eye from discerning them, but by the homely statement that the sun "puts them out as he puts out a candle," a figure of speech which, though inexact, is lively. So, again, an ellipse is first described as "a kind of flattened circle"—a rather rough definition, though we do not say too rough for the purpose in view. The next step leads to the first real difficulty—the idea of the diurnal and annual motions of the earth, and their consequences in the succession of day and night, and of the seasons. With the help of good figures this is tidied through well enough, though the chapter is, from its nature, one that will require the support of oral explanation. But after this the student is treated to more new facts; and the outlines of what is known of the geologic past, and a little even of what is only imagined both as to the past and future of the earth in its gradual passage from the condition of red-hot gas, liquid or solid, to its possible ultimatum of a frozen mass, are sketched, very lightly of course, but with a fair measure of stimulating freshness.

It is only on turning to the second part of the book, which deals with the apparent motions of the heavenly bodies as seen from the earth, with the measurement of time and the use of astronomical instruments, that one fully realizes the judgment of the author in postponing these really troublesome matters. In place of the easy flow of description in homely and telling language that at the same time tempts and disarms criticism, we come now at every turn upon explanations framed with evident care, but as evidently requiring much amplification on the part of the teacher to enable a young learner to grasp them. In elucidating the apparent motions much is done by an ample supply of illustrative plates, and much more is suggested by reference to the use of the globe—almost the only way in which boys of average power can be got to master this part of the subject. But still this division of the book is essentially hard. In a degree it always must be so, but we think it would not be impracticable to make it, by a little development and careful revision, somewhat easier; and we commend this hint to the author for consideration whenever he has a second edition on hand. It is much the same with the chapters on astronomical instruments; and there the plates, which elsewhere are admirable, seem to us somewhat defective. Very good sketches are given of actual instruments as they may be seen in an observatory. These are all very well in their way, but they are not what is required to explain the principle of an instrument. The essence of every astronomical instrument is extremely simple, and all the complication is in the adjuncts, which the student should not see or hear of until he has comprehended the idea of the instrument. The first picture shown to him of a transit circle should be simply

a tube mounted on an axis described as at right angles to the meridian, and fitted with a circle and a simple pointer. Instead of this we have a highly complex though carefully drawn outline, which is enough to drive a small boy mad to look at. The Altazimuth Instrument and the Kew Spectroscope are still more bewildering specimens, and, if retained at all, should certainly be preceded by figures traced on a much rougher and simpler system. There are other points in the treatment of what we may call the observatory department of the subject, which show the same kind of error that recommended the elaborate pictures of the various instruments. The author seems to know too much about this branch of his subject, or at any rate to be too fond of it, to treat it in a genuine elementary spirit. Why, for instance, should he trouble his readers with corrections for refraction, or even for aberration? Both of these require much fuller explanation than his space allowed him, to make them even tolerably easy. Thus, after the familiar analogy of the drop of rain and the inclined tube, the student is expected (p. 450) to jump to the comprehension of the statement that, by virtue of aberration, "each star really seems to describe a small circle in the heavens, representing on a small scale the earth's orbit; the extent of this apparent circular motion of the star depending upon the relative velocity of light and of the earth in its orbit." This is altogether too tough a morsel for the school pupil, and should either be left out entirely or prefaced by a good deal more of preliminary elucidation. The same sort of objection may be urged to the little scraps of trigonometry and optics, introduced to pave the way to the chapters on the construction and use of astronomical instruments. They are too short or too long—too short, if the reader is expected to understand them without an independent course of reading on the particular subjects; and too long, if not superfluous altogether, if such a preliminary training is assumed. The chapter on the Spectroscope is much too interesting and attractive to be spared, and this does require some insight into the nature and refrangibility of light, but we are not at all satisfied that there is any occasion to say anything about achromatism. With the rainbow to start with, and the broad fact of the lines of the spectrum added, the results of spectrum analysis might be made intelligible without saying a word about irrationality. However, if these matters are to be treated, they should be explained much more fully. Thus the necessity of approximate parallelism to perfect vision is stated in a way that seems to assume it as an axiom, and the student is supposed to appreciate the action of a telescope without any explanation of the optical instrument which he carries in his head. These defects are obviously traceable to limitations of space, and we are bound to admit that, given the limits which the author has imposed on himself or had imposed upon him, the treatment is as lucid as could fairly be expected. Still one of two things should be done; either room should be found for more complete explanation, or the student should be referred for his optics and trigonometry to some independent source. The last chapters on gravitation, though well-conceived, and in some respects very happily treated, are, we think, open to the same criticism of containing too much or too little; but all these are comparatively small defects which may be cured on revision, and do not affect the real merit of the work as a school-book, that it presents the subject with its easy side uppermost, and describes it in the graphic and homely style that boys delight in.

HISTOIRE DE LA TABLE.*

NOT long ago we heard casually revived the story of the French making a landing some forty years back on the coast of Western Australia with a view to colonization, and of their getting them to their ships again after one night ashore, because unearthly noises had disturbed their rest. The frogs of the swamps and marshes had done for our sole tenure of Australasia what the geese of old did for the Capitol. Now it is hard to credit that a Frenchman, of all men in the world, could be unfamiliar with any phenomena of frog-life; yet that, perhaps, would be scarcely so great a marvel as that a Frenchman should fail to write a good book on the history of gastronomy. Divers causes might incapacitate him from distinguishing the croak which Aristophanes has immortalized in the *Rane*; but to cook a dinner, to discuss it, to approach the task of historian of the table, ought to be the easiest of undertakings to a born Frenchman. We are surprised, therefore, that M. Nicolardot should have published a book which, though of some value as an attempt to supply a desideratum, is far inferior in its execution to several less pretentious volumes which, issuing from the English press, have treated the subject at once more lightly and more skillfully. The author of the *Art of Dining*, Mr. Walker in the *Original*, and the author of *Apician Morsels*, published by Whittaker in 1834, each aiming at less, have achieved more, and that by avoiding what is a solecism alike in cookery and in literature. M. Nicolardot has no idea of generalization. He has gone to the market of ancient literature, or rather of French translations of it, and come away with his hands full. But when he comes to dressing and dishing-up, his scraps from Athenæus, Diogenes Laertius, Seneca, Pliny, Plutarch, are thrown higgledy-piggledy into a sort of *resurgam* pie with a thick crust of prejudice, and inward parts

* *Histoire de la Table. Curiosités Gastronomiques de tous les temps, et de tous les pays.* Par Louis Nicolardot. Paris: E. Dentu. 1868.

composed of fact, fiction, instances, and anecdotes in a rich chronological disorder. The result is that his work is an *indigesta moles*, which would require much retrenchment and docking, and not a little introduction of solid information, to fit it even for *matériels pour servir à l'histoire de la Table*.

We propose in the present article to glance at two of the three divisions of the book—those which deal with the ancient and the mediæval gastronomy. Not indeed that we can, with M. Nicolardot, discuss the "*origines*" of cookery by the light of the Book of Genesis, or go into the question whether Esau's sale of his birth-right was the *premier cas de gourmandise*, and whether there is basis for the assertion that "Abraham connaît déjà les entrées, et Loth le dessert." Were we captiously inclined, we should put in a claim for our *grandissime maman*, Eve, to prior knowledge of the latter branch. But as our author leaps from Abraham to Ahasuerus, and from Rebecca to Vashti, it may be guessed that his researches into Old Testament table-literature are scarcely profound enough to detain us from the more tangible data supplied by Greek and Roman writers. There is some truth, in reference to these, in the author's caution that we must not adopt too unreservedly what they have to say as to the table in ancient Greece, inasmuch as Diogenes Laërtius, coeval with Septimius Severus, Athenæus, living in the time of Marcus Aurelius, and Plutarch under Hadrian, may have naturally regarded Greek culinary history with Roman eyes; still we are indisposed to accept to the full his general proposition that delicateness, refinement, moderation, and spirituality characterized the Greek table in strong contrast to that of Rome. It is very well to cite the severe dietary of Sparta, and dilate on the Hymettian honey, fish from the Ægean, and lightsome *sel attique* which etherealized an Athenian banquet. But as a "Christian" (which with our author means a Roman Catholic and none other) he ought to remember that it was the Corinthian glutton whose motto was, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"; and as to Attic banquets, it is not from Greek writers under Roman influence, but from such as Plato and his contemporaries, that we read of the "heavy wets" in which not only Alcibiades, but the "almost Christian" Socrates, indulged. Plato himself held it a duty to get drunk at the Dionysia (Leg. vi. 775), and probably was conversant with as much deep drinking as Attic salt at a symposium. The Boeotian fed as coarsely as any Roman; in luxury a Corinthian *gourmand* would have matched Heliogabalus, with just a little more taste perhaps; and as for Sicily, a Greek colony, it exhibited the *ne plus ultra* of gourmandism. As to refinement in accessories of the table, neither nation used tablecloths; the Romans had dinner napkins—"mantelia," or "mappæ"—and the Greeks only towels to wipe the hands after a meal. Neither knew aught of knives and forks, but both conveyed their food to their mouths with spoons, with or without points at the end. In so far they were therefore much alike; and though, for reasons to be seen hereafter, M. Nicolardot would fain work out a theory of contrast between Greek and Roman tables, it is curious that Athenæus's famous list of Greek kitcheners—Aphthonetus, the inventor of sausages; Aristion, the prince of cooks at a stew; Nereus of Chios, who could cook a conger to suit the gods; and the primary discoverers of *la sauce blanche* and *la sauce noire*—were all Greeks; while, if we turn to Varro's list of *entrées* used by the Romans, as given by Aulus Gellius, nearly all betray a Greek origin. Peacocks from Samos, pheasants from Phrygia, cranes from Melos, kids from Ambracia, are just a few of these, and walnuts from Greece vied at dessert with Spanish filberts and dates from Egypt (p. 59). Milo's voracity may have been exceptional, but so too, we hope, was that of the Roman Phagon, who "avala par un étonnoir en présence d'Aurélien plus d'un tonneau de vin," and ate (*credat qui vult!*) a boar, a sheep, a pig, and a hundred loaves (p. 57).

Even from our author's data, it is clear that Roman luxury at meals was the late growth of conquest, wealth, and a wider range of international communication. Sumptuary laws rather promoted this than repressed it. One reads little of it before Cicero's letters. Our chief authorities are Pliny, Seneca, Plutarch among prose writers, and of poets, Martial and Juvenal. Some gross cases of unredeemed gluttony can be proven, but the rage with the Roman Emperors was oftener to outdo one another in extravagance. "*Magis illa juvant, quæ pluris emuntur*" is probably a better clue to the motives of Roman gastronomists than that cultivation of the palate which was supposed to qualify for divine honours. A proof of this is furnished by their luxurious *salles à manger*, with gemmed pavements, strewn a cubit deep with rose-leaves, while gusts of scent and showers of perfume and flowers issued from pipes in the walls or from the moveable ceilings. In these *salles*, which were different for different seasons—and some in the midst of aviaries, that the *conventus avium* might mingle with the conversation of the guests—the tables of citrus-wood (*Thuja cupressoides*) were often inlaid with gold, silver, and precious stones, and stood on feet of onyx or ivory. On these tables there was no end to crystal and murrhine vases, chased and jewelled cups; and as to sets and courses, Heliogabalus had a whim of different colours for every day. He rang the changes too upon a special flesh, fish, or fowl for each day, dressed in every conceivable manner. Geta dined alphabetically; e.g., about the 14th day of the month he would have his table spread with pullet, partridge, pork, pheasant, peacock, and patties; but amidst all these vagaries one misses too often the genuine spirit which in an earlier day Paulus Æmilius recognised as befitting an "amphitryon," and which studied making a feast as pleasant to friends as a fight was disagreeable to foes. The Roman unanimity as to the number of guests

would almost have satisfied Mr. Walker—"not more than the Muses, not fewer than the Graces"; and indeed the number required limiting, if Imperial intemperance was likely to breed contempt with those who witnessed it. Even Trajan was obliged to provide that his orders, when he was carousing, should not be carried out, and that his attendants "should appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober." The way in which M. Nicolardot culls his instances of temperate and intemperate, economical and extravagant Emperors, putting Hadrian and Tiberius, in this order, between Gordian II. and Pertinax, and Mark Antony and Cicero's son after Trajan and Alexander Severus, is passing strange; but out of this jumble of citations one lights upon the discovery that Augustus was a lover of "whitebait," "Il aimait surtout le pain bis et les petits poissons" (p. 43). The brown bread settles the question! Puppies, too, were a delicacy at Rome as well as in China. The generation before Pliny would not have mistaken them on the table for suckling-pigs, like the sea-captain who dined with the mandarin. Young asses too, says Pliny, were a meat in high favour with Mæcenæ, though the taste went out with him, to reappear, no doubt, in our day in the addiction of modern Italy to Bologna sausages. Sow's udders, camel's heel, dormice fed on acorns and walnuts, were other Apician morsels, and in the "fowl" line everything with wings was approved, from the ostrich and flamingo (Martial, iii. 58, 14) to the fieldfare and the becca-fico. A grand *pièce de résistance* was the "Porcus Trojanus" (p. 60), that is to say, a boar the flanks of which were filled, not with such stuffing as the Trojan horse, but with all manner of mincemeat. Connected, by the way, with mincemeats is that feature of the Roman table which is noticeable in their *mélanges* of every variety of shellfish, and indeed of flesh, fish, and fowl, as well as in the "compotes" of all manner of fruits, that found favour with Roman epicures. The Roman varieties of fish form the subject of not a few *loci classici*. Among these are Martial, ii. 37 and x. 30, and M. Nicolardot has chosen a good passage from Apuleius to group as many fish as possible. But it must be added that he ignores even proximate identification. In the excellent appendix to Becker's *Gallus*, by Mr. Metcalf, the "mullus," "rhombus," "passer," "asellus," "acipenser," &c., are identified with the sea-barbel, turbot, flounder, haddock, and sturgeon respectively. Full particulars, too, are given of Roman shellfish. The French historian of the Table, however, shirks the whole fish question with the unworkmanlike confession that the whole subject is "un problème pour le génie de Cuvier." Roman vegetables are treated in a like perfunctory style. A remark or two is made on the monster cabbages and the heads of asparagus, three to the pound, which satisfied a Roman *bon-vivant*; but the ascertained varieties of cabbage and lettuce are passed over in silence. It would not have been irrelevant to notice the "eruca," or garden rocket, used alike as a salad and a spice; and the two sorts of "porrum," of which the "capitatum" was superior to the "sectile." On the whole, we cannot recommend the intelligent inquirer to seek information from M. Nicolardot's sections about Roman "desserts" and "entremets."

By the time we have digested the first part of this book, and its concluding section on indigestions, there can be no doubt that its drift is to establish a distinction, which we consider very insufficiently established, between the Greeks as "herbivorous" and the Romans as "carnivorous." But it requires that one should wade through the second, or mediæval, division of the book—one chapter of which is a simple *réchauffé*, without note or comment, of every meal recorded in the Gospels, while two more are a string of instances of Christian brethren or sisters who devoted their lives to feeding the poor, and fulfilling higher or lower culinary offices in monastery or convent—to arrive at a full perception of the author's guiding idea, which seems to be the working-out of a proportion sum on this wise, "As the Greeks are to the Romans, so are the French to the English." What the author tries to establish, in his roundabout style, is that it was through the various steps of almsgiving and self-mortification, of lowly offices in providing for the needy, in voluntary poverty for the brethren's sake, that the Romish Church became masters of the art of cookery, which they used, he would insinuate, to the ends of refinement and temperance, and with visible results upon the health and sobriety of Catholic countries. All this is hard to trace through strings of anecdotes, e.g., Saint Liguori's giving his sole pair of inexpressibles to a breechless beggar—Saint Narbert's virtue in swallowing, without flinching, a spider that floated in the consecrated cup—and Cardinal Baronius's humility in scrubbing the pots and pans of his monastery whilst he was clearing up historical dates and difficulties. Still we get to see what we are meant to see, that in our author's opinion the high position which "the Church" attained in "table" matters was not gained for the furtherance of luxury, but in the pursuance of lowly duties; and that, except in the case of over-developed culinary proficients, and their admirers among the black sheep in a monastery or two, a science acquired for the relief of the needy has proved a blessing to Christianity. It is the alternation of fasting with feasting which does so much for health. It is this, we are told, that supersedes the need of a doctor. Look at the English, says M. Nicolardot, with a flourish of trumpets, "L'Institution de Quatre-Temps peut tenir lieu de ces purgatifs dont les carnivores Anglais sont obligés, chaque renouvellement de saison, de se faire une habitude aussi sage qu'opportune de l'avis des docteurs les plus éclairés" (p. 182). It is "the Church" which reduces the consumption of ardent spirits, we are told, and thereby the proportion of suicides in Catholic France (p. 177). It is

"the Church" which brings man back to the instincts of his nature, which is rather frugivorous than carnivorous. Nay, the Church, we are meant to gather from p. 233, is as much ahead in the appliances of civilization as in everything else. In Christian France forks were introduced in the thirteenth century; Protestant England never learnt the use of them till the eighteenth. From the costly vessels of the altar the French got a hint for adorning and beautifying their *salles de festin*. The English *salles à manger* recall the barrenness and dryness of a Huguenot temple (p. 231). The French table is the model of tables because, before all else, it is *Christian*. The Englishman never sees anything but a dish of meat, and knows nothing of soups and desserts. In Christian France alone does woman hold her proper place at the table; and it is because England and Germany have erred from the faith, that that French gaiety, which is the counterpart of Attic wit, is chased from the dinners of those carnivorous unbelievers. "C'est la gaieté qui a animé et caractérisé la table chrétienne. En Angleterre le silence est d'habitude, et presque l'étiquette à table" (p. 250). We could say a word or two about that frugivorous Christian people the Irish, whose "potatoes" are commemorated, while their "poteen" is kept in the background; but it would not convince M. Nicolardot, who is bent upon poking the "carnivore Anglais" in the waistcoat, and repeatedly crying out "Rosbif" to him.

But one protest we must make. While quite prepared to own the debt which gastronomy owes to monastic institutions, tokens of which are visible in the fact that, as Brillat Savarin has remarked, all the best wines and liqueurs have come from the monasteries; nay more, while disposed to concede that Friar Tuck, within certain limits, has been a benefactor to civilization, we are yet wholly unable to take in M. Nicolardot's elaborate argument that the "monks of old" invented their exquisite dishes, liqueurs, and confections by way of self-mortification and penance, and abasement of self for the good of the brethren. As a chapter on "indigestions" summed up the first portion of *L'Histoire de la Table*, we should have been glad of one on "digestion" at the end of the second, to enable us to swallow a theory so preposterous.

VITTORIA COLONNA.*

THE caprice of fame is a stock subject with moralists and poets. It is not, indeed, so wonderful that the prophet who is predestined to a posthumous immortality should often live unhonoured and die unwep among his own contemporaries. He is before his age, and they do not understand him, or his greatness oppresses them, and they revenge themselves by a conspiracy of silence. We are all familiar with the story of Milton receiving fifteen pounds for the manuscript of *Paradise Lost*, and of the extemporized synod of Tory squires and parsons who met after the Restoration in an ale-house, and consigned his writings—as they hoped for ever—to the flames. What is not so obvious at first sight is why those who have been both loved and lovely in their lives should sometimes drop out of remembrance as though they had never been. Yet the brave men who lived before Agamemnon, and whose memory no "sacred poet" has enshrined, were probably looked up to as heroes in their lifetime. Even the voluminous hagiology of the Catholic or the Comtist Calendar does not profess to be more than a specimen of the triumphs of sanctity or of genius. Whether a contemporary reputation shall survive the tomb depends, in fact, very much, in the first instance, on accident. The life and journal of Eugénie de Guérin would probably have remained unknown, at least in England, if Mr. Matthew Arnold had not stepped forward at the nick of time to rescue her name from oblivion by publicly recognising in her character that "distinction" which in another sense he has conferred upon it. One thing is clear—that the verdict of posterity, once accorded, whether for honour or for neglect, is very rarely reversed. We need not, therefore, be so much surprised that Vittoria Colonna, who, as one of her biographers complains, "passed for a divinity during life, is not even regarded as a saint after her death." Nor is it at all likely that this new memoir of her will do much to rehabilitate her fame. It may be quite true that "in three hundred and fifty years there has been no other lady who can be compared to her." But after three hundred and fifty years it is too late to ask the world to reconsider its judgment, and replace the fallen idol on the pedestal where she once stood to receive the enthusiastic homage of Italian statesmen, poets, and divines. And, if it was not too late, Mrs. Roscoe would hardly be likely to succeed where M. Deumier and Mrs. Jameson have failed. We do not notice her book so much for its own merits, on which something shall be said presently, as for the real interest inspired by its subject. We may, however, say at once that the sudden collapse of Vittoria Colonna's poetical reputation is not difficult to account for. Hers may truly be called the "poetry of a beautiful soul," but, so far as we can judge from the extracts here presented to us, it is hardly beautiful poetry. There is about it a tender grace of affection, spirituality, and refinement; but there is little of the fire of genius. Her genuine nobility of character and her matchless beauty were her true title to distinction. But it is only fair to add that whatever merits her poetry does possess, Mrs. Roscoe has done her best to annihilate. Poetry translated into prose is

apt to be rather flat, but it may at least be expected to be accurate. The following astounding specimen from Vittoria's sonnet "To her Deceased Father" (p. 60) will show how far the translator is acquainted with the first rudiments of Italian. The stanza in the original runs thus:—

Non piango già il tuo ben, ma l'empia e fella
Sorte del mondo, il qual, mentre vivesti,
Colto dotto stil così onorato festi,
Che non fu equal in questa etade, o in quella.

The last two lines are rendered by Mrs. Roscoe, "Thou gavest a splendour to those honoured fête days (!) which never were equalled either in this age or any other." Perhaps she will try her hand at Sanskrit in her next volume.

Vittoria, the heiress of the famous Ghibelline family of the Colonnas, boasting even then an antiquity of some five centuries, was born in 1490, at the Castle of Marino, on the Alban Lake. At four years old she was betrothed, by desire of the King of Naples, to Francesco, son of the Marquis of Pescara, a boy of her own age; and a year later her father, Fabrizio Colonna, on being appointed Grand Constable of Naples, consigned her to the care of the sister of her betrothed bridegroom, the Duchess of Francavilla. The two children were brought up together, and very early began to manifest a passionate attachment for each other, so that in this case the political marriage became also a marriage of love. It took place, not in 1507, as some writers have stated, but in 1509, at the Castle of Ischia, and there the husband and wife spent three happy years together. In 1512 the Marquis was called to serve the King in the war with France, and this was to Vittoria the beginning of sorrows. Not that she had any wish to detain him. She heartily sympathized with the chivalrous temper of the day, and the Spartan motto "*With this, or upon this*," inscribed on her husband's shield. But it was a bitter grief to her to hear of his being severely wounded and taken prisoner a month or two later, at the battle of Ravenna, and heavier trials were soon to follow. On his release, Pescara returned for a while to his wife at Ischia, and in 1515, despairing of any children of their own, they adopted the young Marquis of Vasto, who is described as a rude boy, but "beautiful as an angel." His rudeness was soon cured, and he grew up under her tutelage to reward his adopted mother with the lifelong affection of a devoted son; but she had to mourn his death some years before her own, in the fatal Algerian expedition of Charles V. In 1521 Vittoria, then at Rome with her husband, under the brilliant reign of Leo X., was in the zenith of her beauty and her popularity. But that same year the Marquis was called away from her once more to serve under Charles V., and, by her wish as well as his own, the boy Vasto accompanied him. "Take him," she said; "it is better he should be killed in battle than that a descendant of your noble house should be a coward." Vasto was not killed, but four years later the Marquis of Pescara himself sank under the effect of wounds received at the battle of Pavia. His wife and the young heir were summoned for a last interview to Milan, and from that time forward a great darkness settled upon her widowed life. But for the interference of the Pope (Clement VII.), who positively forbade it, she would have taken the veil at the convent of St. Silvestro. She retired, instead, first to the home of her childhood, the Castle of Marino, and then to Ischia, and for the next seven years her thoughts and her writings were entirely occupied with the memories of the past; nor could she ever be induced to listen to any proposals for a second marriage. The following lines strike the keynote of her poetry at this period:—

O viver mio nojoso, o avversa sorte!
Ceroo l'oscurità, fuggo la luce,
Odio la vita ognor, bramo la morte.

Qual, ch'agli occhi altrui nuoce, a' miei riluce,
Perchè chiudendo lor, s'apron le porte
Alla cagion ch'al mio Sol mi conduce.

Gradually she awoke to the old interests, if not to the old happiness, of her life. She had always enjoyed literature and literary society. And we find her now on terms of close intercourse and friendship with Ludovico Dolce, Cardinal Bembo, Castiglione, Veronica Gambara, Countess of Correggio—a poetess, like herself—and, to name no others, with two of the most celebrated members of the reforming party in the Roman Church of that day, Pole and Contarini. Charles V., when in Rome, honoured her with a visit, and she seems to have been instrumental in getting Bembo raised to the cardinalate. When she was invited, in 1537, by the Duke of Ferrara, he asked all the most distinguished men in Lombardy and Venetia to meet her there, and Ariosto complimented her in the *Orlando Furioso*. But her absorbing interests were religious, and Mrs. Roscoe, apparently oblivious of Dante, calls her "the first, if not the only, sacred poet of Italy, with the exception of Michael Angelo." Her intimate friendship with the great sculptor was indeed the chief solace of her later years. They did not meet till 1538, when she was already forty-eight years old and he was sixty-four. He was then in the midst of his eight years' work of painting the "Last Judgment" for the Sistine Chapel, and had only recently lost his father, whose place she in some measure supplied in his affections, though they never dreamt of marrying. Grimm says that the few years during which this friendship lasted—she died long before him—were the happiest of his whole life. We must find room for a curious extract from the manuscript journal of a Spanish miniature painter, D'Ollanda, describing his first introduction to the illustrious friends, when on a visit to Rome. It throws some

* Vittoria Colonna: her Life and Poems. By Mrs. Henry Roscoe. London: Macmillan & Co. 1868.

light incidentally both on her habits and on the religious condition of the Roman Court at the time. Paul III. had lately succeeded to the Papacy, and had begun his reign, it may be remembered, by creating a batch of reforming Cardinals, among whom were Contarini, Sadolet, and Pole:—

Tolomei helped me to become acquainted with Michael Angelo through Blasio, the Pope's secretary. He left word that I should find him in the church of San Silvestro on Mount Cavallo; where, with the Marchesa di Pescara, he was hearing the exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul. So I started off for San Silvestro. Vittoria Colonna, the Marchesa di Pescara, and sister of Ascanio Colonna, is one of the noblest and most famous women in Italy, and in the whole world. She is beautiful, pure in conduct, and acquainted with the Latin tongue; in short, she is adorned with every grace which can redound to a woman's praise. Weary of the brilliant life which she formerly led, she has quite devoted herself, since the death of her husband, to thoughts on Christ, and to study. She supports the needy of her sex, and stands forth as a model of genuine Christian piety. She was the intimate friend of Tolomei, and I owe her acquaintance to him. I entered; they asked me to take a place, and the reading and exposition of the Epistles was continued. When it was ended, the Marchesa spoke; and looking at me and Tolomei, said, "I am not quite wrong if I imagine that Messer Francesco would rather listen to Michael Angelo on painting than Fra Ambrosio upon the Pauline Epistles." "Madam," I replied, "your Eccellenza seems to entertain the opinion that everything which is not painting and art, is foreign and unintelligible to me. It will certainly be very agreeable to me to hear Michael Angelo speak, but I prefer Fra Ambrosio's exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul." I spoke with some pique. "You need not take it so seriously," said Tolomei; "the Marchesa certainly did not mean that a man who is a good painter, is not good for anything else. We Italians rank too high for that. Perhaps the words of the Marchesa were intended to intimate, that besides the enjoyment we have had, the other, of hearing Michael Angelo speak to-day, is still in store for us." "If it be so," I replied, "it would be after all nothing extraordinary, for your Eccellenza would only be following your usual habit of granting a thousand times more than one ventured to desire." The Marchesa smiled. "We ought to know how to give," she said, "when a grateful mind is concerned, and here especially, when giving and receiving afford equal enjoyment." One of her retinue approached at her call. "Do you know Michael Angelo's dwelling? Go and tell him that I and Messer Tolomei are here in the chapel, where it is beautifully cool, and the church, too, is private and agreeable; and that I beg to ask him whether he is inclined to lose a few hours here in our society, and to turn them into gain for us—but not a word that the gentleman from Spain is here." After a few minutes, in which neither of them spoke, we heard knocking at the door: every one feared it could not be Michael Angelo. Fortunately the servant had met him close by San Silvestro, as he was just on the point of going to the Terme (warm baths). He was coming up the Esquiline way, in conversation with his colour-grinder, Urbino; he fell at once into the snare, and it was he who knocked at the door. The Marchesa rose to receive him, and remained standing some time, till she had made him take a place betwixt herself and Tolomei. I now seated myself at a little distance from them. At first they were silent; but the Marchesa, who could never speak without elevating those with whom she conversed, and even the place where she was, began to lead the conversation with the greatest art, upon all possible things, without however touching even remotely on painting. She wished to give Michael Angelo assurance. She proceeded as if approaching an unassailable fortress, so long as he was on his guard. And here D'Olanda describes with what delicate tact she at last drew out from the great artist a discourse on painting, which he gives in full. "Your Eccellenza has only to command, and I obey," said Michael Angelo; and forthwith he compares the German, Spanish, and Italian schools. "Art belongs to no land, it comes from heaven," he said; and Tolomei remarked that the Emperor Maximilian, when he pardoned an artist who had been condemned to death, had said, "I can make earls and dukes, but God alone can make a great artist."

Another of Vittoria's inner circle of confidants was the famous Capuchin monk and preacher, Ochino of Siena, who has been styled the Luther of Italy. In 1540 he was confessor to the Pope, but the following year, having escaped from Italy to Geneva, he openly proclaimed himself a Protestant, and preached against the doctrines of the Trinity and the Personality of the Holy Ghost. Mrs. Roscoe, whose theological proclivities are tiresomely obtrusive throughout the volume, is very anxious to make us believe that nothing but a pardonable moral cowardice prevented Vittoria from following his example, and this in the teeth of the following postscript quoted from one of her letters to Cardinal Pole, to whom she was not likely to write with any reserve on such matters:—"I grieve exceedingly that when he (Ochino) believes to save others from shipwreck, he the more exposes himself to the floods, being outside of that ark which saves." We have already seen that one great trial yet awaited her, second only in intensity to the loss of her husband, in the death of her adopted son, the Marquis of Vasto. She did not long survive him, dying at Rome early in 1547. Cardinal Pole was one of her executors, and she left him ten thousand scudi, which he declined to accept. She desired, from a feeling of humility, to be buried as a professed sister in the common cemetery of the nuns of St. Anna. Whether or not her wishes were complied with, her sepulchre, like that of Herod the Great, remains unknown to this day, as though her very name as well as her memory was destined to fade from the scene where she once played so conspicuous a part.

We are loth to speak harshly of what has evidently been a labour of love, and even the *disiecta membra* of such a life as that of Vittoria Colonna cannot but possess an interest for all admirers of the beautiful in nature or in art. But, as a literary production, it is impossible to praise Mrs. Roscoe's book. In the first place, the arrangement is elaborately inconsecutive, and we are hurried backwards and forwards, at the caprice of the writer, with a provoking disregard of the chronological sequence of events. This defect is rendered still more practically inconvenient by the entire absence of anything in the shape of index or titles to the chapters. Then, again, the authoress has a truly feminine fondness for going off at a tangent into speculations very remotely connected with her subject, and neither novel nor striking in themselves. We complained just now of her constantly foisting in her theological sentiments and antipathies. One gets quite bored—there is no

other word for it—with the laboured attempts, in season and out of season, to prove that Vittoria was a Protestant at heart, though there is absolutely nothing in her writings to suggest such an idea; while there is a good deal, for instance in her passionate addresses to the Virgin, to imply the contrary. This same tendency leads Mrs. Roscoe to spin out her tale with a quantity of purely irrelevant matter. In one place we have a series of extracts from the *Times* and the *Siecle* of 1866 about the regulations against importing prohibited books into the Roman States. Then, again, because Pole was a friend of Vittoria Colonna, we are treated to a whole chapter upon his subsequent career in England, which only commenced six years after her death; where, moreover, Mr. Froude's groundless paradox of his becoming a persecutor in his new position is sedulously reproduced. With still less semblance of reason another chapter is devoted to Erasmus and Luther, and a third to Ignatius Loyola, as Mrs. Roscoe is pleased invariably to call him. In short, a good third of the volume might be in place in a collection of fugitive sketches of the Reformation or of Europe in the sixteenth century, but is absurdly irrelevant in what calls itself a Life of Vittoria Colonna. Of the so-called translations we have spoken already. Three photographs, from engravings of pictures or medals, are given, which fully bear out her reputation for beauty, and will probably do more than anything else in the book to perpetuate her memory.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BRIC-À-BRAC HUNTER.*

NOTHING sweetens life so much as a hobby. As an ingredient in human happiness it comes next, we think, to the possession of a quiet conscience. It matters not much what it is. Whether its object be old books, or church architecture, or Volunteering, or photography, its effect is the same, to furnish a man with the *παρεργασίαν* of which the busiest—they perhaps most of all—feel the need. A man with a hobby is ennui-proof. He can snap his fingers at the aimlessness and listlessness which creep even into lives that are both useful and professional. All his leisure hours acquire a point and purpose. Released from his daily drudgery, he can potter over old bookstalls, or march his men to drill, or stain his fingers with acids, without finding one moment hang heavy on his hands. The record of his day shows not merely "something achieved, something done," but, over and above, something enjoyed as only an enthusiast can enjoy it, something added to his store of pure and legitimate pleasure. And though some hobbies are less portable than others, the grand advantage of a hobby is that he can usually carry it with him, and with it a fund of inexhaustible interest, wherever he goes. His friend the rector may be dull, but the parish church is a friend of whom he never tires. Young ladies may be insipid, but the comparative merits of breechloaders and the relative efficiency of local corps are subjects which can always pleasantly engage his thoughts. When he travels, the Museum or the Picture Gallery is not a mere place to lounge away an hour in. In such places, if art be his speciality, he is on enchanted ground—in a fairy palace, into the subtle charm of which none but the initiated like himself can enter. Whatever be the nature of the hobby, and some hobbies of course are more elevating than others, the effect of all, so far as individual happiness is concerned, is the same—to provide a stream of pleasure which shall run, as it were, in a parallel line with the stream of a man's work. The grand point is to get a hobby; what specific form it assumes is a matter of secondary importance. Only let it be innocent, and, considering the peculiar frailty of the hobby-rider, let us add, not too expensive.

Perhaps the latter caution is not quite unnecessary in the case of the particular hobby of which this little volume treats. In a chatty, desultory manner, and with a good many *obiter* comments on things not strictly to be included in the category of *bric-à-brac*, Major Byng Hall gives us the result of his personal experiences as a collector of old china. As an "official wanderer over the face of the earth" he has been enabled to peep into many a *bric-à-brac* shop in the various Continental capitals which others may never have had a chance of visiting. And the opportunity has been turned to good account. Not only have his "ceramic pursuits" been a source of unalloyed pleasure, but they have been "not altogether unaccompanied with profit, and always combined with great interest and instruction." Autobiographical details are always suggestive; but, from the nature of the case, the Major's "hints" to the intending or inexperienced collector do not come to very much. The gist of his "advice"—or, to speak more correctly, his warning—is merely this, that an amateur must know his business, and, if he wants to obtain really fine specimens, be ready to pay a long price for them. Both which propositions are doubtless indisputable—not to say self-evident—but not likely to be of much practical use to the novice. To the wholly ignorant, as our author justly observes, no book ever published is of much avail. If the *bric-à-brac* hunter has not an eye for art, combined with refined taste, whether as regards ancient or modern works, together with years of practical knowledge, he is a mere child in the hands of the dealers. An extensive and correct list of works is of great theoretical service to the collector, but nowadays there is hardly any article which is not imitable. Amidst all the chicanery of this limited-liability and swindling era, there is none equal to that of a foreign *bric-à-brac* seller. Our author draws a distinction between the total and the partial de-

* *The Adventures of a Bric-à-brac Hunter.* By Major Byng Hall. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1868.

ception by which the amateur may be victimized. He draws a sketch of the typical young lady, who thinks it the right thing on visiting Dresden to invest in a piece of china, in happy ignorance that similar treasures, and possibly far better, might have been purchased in the Strand for half the money. Even the Major has made blunders. "Moi qui vous parle," is his candid avowal, "have been frequently deceived. Often have I become the possessor of some piece of trumpery which in my vanity I believed to be a priceless treasure." Short of throwing away his money on mere rubbish, the novice may be mistaken in the real value of an article. A Sèvres cup may be a Sèvres cup, and worthless, save that it is Sèvres. There is Wedgwood and Wedgwood. Between two Dresden groups there may be all the difference of the highest and lowest art. "A Carl-Theodore figure may bear clearly developed the initials of Carl Theodore and the Crown Elector of Palatine (where is Palatine?); a Berlin cup may be graced with the pencil of a Watteau; and yet the specimens may not be true, the porcelain may not be fine, the outline and execution may fall far short of that perfection which alone can satisfy the eye of the accomplished connoisseur." The Major's conclusion is perfectly sound, though not very grammatically expressed, that "practical knowledge, and that instinctive appreciation of perfection which is the fruit of long experience, are the only real and efficient guides by which the *bric-à-brac* hunter may secure prizes in the markets of the world." The other requisite for success, if the finest specimens are desired, is a long purse. "It is not a question of money," observes our author, though he goes on to add inconsequently enough, in the next sentence, that as real treasures are all but unobtainable, the price asked for them is so exorbitant that the novice holds up his hands with astonishment and disgust; in which case it certainly is a question of money. What the Major probably means is that it is not merely a question of money. Money alone will not secure a judicious outlay. It must be combined with that special knowledge and experience on which he justly insists.

After this *résumé* of the pitfalls which beset the path of the *bric-à-brac* hunter, one feels a certain curiosity to know how Major Hall himself fared in the research. On the whole, he has no reason to complain of his luck. At Messina he picks up for five francs an exquisite Bueno Retiro cup, valued in London at from five to six pounds. St. Petersburg is peculiarly rich in Wedgwood. It is almost inconceivable, our author observes, what a vast quantity of it has found its way to the city of the Czars. Though much of it is not exactly for sale, he had the good fortune to acquire two vases of extreme beauty, and several *plaques* of unrivalled chasteness, for a price for which scarcely one, even if found, could now be obtained. Unhappily, the Major, being then "in his apprenticeship," parted with them to a friend for about a third of their value. At Madrid a happy chance throws in his way another treasure. Strolling in the Calle Alcaza, he noticed some cups in the window of a shop. In the course of conversation, their owner expressed a desire to show something of more value—a handsome china *déjeuner* then in his possession. Having conducted his visitor through several dark passages into a room filled with dusty old furniture, he produced from a large brass-bound box a *déjeuner* of the most lovely modern Sèvres ever beheld. Having examined the mark, the Major inquired the price, which was far beyond what he was disposed to give. The owner, however, appeared extremely anxious to part with it, and urged the Señor to come again and see it by daylight, which the Major promised to do. Accordingly, on the next morning, the china was again exhibited, and in the brighter light naturally to much more advantage. After some bargaining an offer of fifty napoleons was made, half in joke, as more than 200*l.* had been demanded. This offer was neither accepted nor refused, but while it was under consideration the door suddenly flew open and in rushed two of the most disagreeable-looking ruffians. "We were behind the door," said one of them, "and heard you offer fifty sovereigns for the china." The Major, thinking that he had got into a den of thieves, quietly replied that his offer had been made in napoleons. "Nevertheless," he added, "if you will bring the china to my hotel I will give you fifty sovereigns," being glad by any means to escape from so disagreeable a position. Upon this a boisterous parley again rose, during which he was detained another half-hour—a prisoner in fact. At last release came in the person of a well-dressed gentleman, who had doubtless been sent for, and who evidently had a perfect knowledge both of the ruffians and of the china. Asked to explain the affair, the stranger, premising that he was a Spanish nobleman, observed to his companion that he ought not to trust himself in such places. The Major expressed his surprise at the notion of danger in the principal street of Madrid, and ended by requesting his friend to inform the people of the house that if the china in question was delivered at his hotel by twelve o'clock the next day, the 40*l.* should be paid; but if not, the matter should be laid before the English Minister, and compensation and punishment exacted for his forcible detention. This threat had its effect. On the following morning the box, with its contents, was duly delivered. Our author subsequently visited Sèvres, and ascertained that this beautiful specimen of modern Sèvres had been sent by King Louis Philippe as a marriage present to Queen Isabella. How it came into the hands in which he found it, the Major does not explain. The reader's curiosity is balked by a somewhat mysterious intimation that, from a desire not to injure or question the honesty of others, he will endeavour to forget all the curious details of the affair which have since come to his knowledge.

The danger of carriage is one of the troubles of the *bric-à-brac* hunter. Major Hall relates the vicissitudes of a dish which he fondly believed to be Palissy until some candid friend undeceived him by pronouncing it a modern French production. Having taken it to dispose of at St. Petersburg he found it, on arrival, broken into twenty pieces; and was about to toss the fragments into the river, when his hostess intervened and carried them away with her. On his return to the Russian capital, six months afterwards, the self-same dish was presented to him in an admirable state of restoration. It would seem, however, to have been destined to mishap. On its re-transfer to England it was again smashed to pieces. Mended once more, and this time with much more success, it adorns, after all its adventures, the collection of a friend. Our author's *bric-à-brac* operations are by no means confined to professed dealers. In order to avoid the beaten track, it is necessary to get introductions to private houses, in company with some one who knows the language well. In such cases courtesy of manner combined with attention may sometimes enable you without offence to purchase, though the seller be not exactly a dealer. Major Hall gives an amusing account of a visit which he made to a Circassian princess who possessed a small but choice collection, and who, though receiving her visitors in a dirty dressing-gown, showed herself to be quite capable of driving a sharp bargain.

This volume contains a sketch of some of the principal china and porcelain factories of the Continent. Perhaps the most interesting is that of the old porcelain manufactory of Vienna, established by De Blaquier in 1708. No establishment of the kind had ever more difficulties to contend with at starting. It was long ere the precious secret of producing porcelain, guarded with such jealousy, was obtained by Austria, owing to the continued precautions of the Elector of Saxony. The only standards of work at that period were specimens brought from China and Japan. But by degrees the secrets of Meissen oozed out. De Blaquier succeeded in bribing Stenzel, one of the Arcanists—as those conversant with the mysteries of china manufacture were termed—to join him as one of his co-operatives at Vienna. Subsequently the Arcanist, angry at not being regularly paid according to his contract, returned to Meissen, and not only took his secret with him, but maliciously destroyed many of the models he had designed. In 1744 the factory, not being successful, was offered to the Imperial Government. Under the direction of the State, it continued to make progress, until in 1784 it passed under the management of Baron Lörgeth, when it entered on its best period—a new era of taste and production. There exist specimens of unrivalled beauty and consummate taste, both as to colour and gilding. In spite of the interruptions occasioned by war it continued to flourish until the close of 1815. Subsequently it began to decline, and, as the expense of its maintenance was great, it was suppressed by the Imperial Government.

It is likely enough that large fortunes are, as Major Hall asserts, realized by *bric-à-brac* dealers. He has known men in the profession who, in the space of ten years, have risen from poverty to wealth by it. As an illustration he mentions that he was once accosted in some gardens near Vienna by a well-dressed gentleman whom he took for the Swedish Minister, but who proved to be a person who had risen by his knowledge of the "ceramic art" from the position of a servant in an Austrian family. As an amateur, however, he dwells more on the pleasure than on the profit of his favourite pursuit. We quote the following passage, not only for the genuine enthusiasm which it breathes, but as a fair specimen of our author's style, which is rather flippant and affected, and by no means free from slips of grammar which a little care might have avoided:—

I should be almost ashamed to confess how much pleasure these fragile treasures afford me. For hours I sit amidst my friends, pen or book in hand. That group before me was purchased under particular circumstances, and not only recalls to mind pleasant days, but tells me much of the history of the country whence it was obtained, and the era in which it was produced. Who will venture to say that the lips of a Pompadour or Du Barry may not have kissed those small but exquisite Sèvres cups? Is not Wedgwood paying me a morning visit, with his friend Flaxman, as I look at these vases? Do not the guns of Wellington's artillery sound in the distance as I contemplate that glorious group of Buen Retiro? And does not the Bay of Naples spread itself before me, and the towering peak of Vesuvius send forth its flames, as I handle that creamy china cup with its exquisite painting of Capo di Monte? My Chelsea ware recalls the memory of Addison, who dated so many of his pleasant essays from that locality. My Battersea reminds me of sceptical Jacobite Bolingbroke. At one moment I am at Florence, then at Vienna. For a few minutes I dwell in the Palatine, and thence take wing to Dresden. Now I touch my lips with the thin emerald-coloured glass of early Venice; then hold aloft the heavier but richer goblet of Bohemia.

This is rather tall talk; but it quite confirms what we said at starting about the pleasure which a hobby yields.

AFTER LIFE.*

THIS book belongs to that branch of literature which goes by the name of "Sunday novels." When the two services with their accompanying sermons, the Sunday school, the Sunday walk, the heavy but hurried early dinner, and the prolonged but unsatisfying tea, are all ended, there comes an awkward pause which the dwellers in country parsonages find it very difficult to fill in a manner consistent with local customs. Then it is that the works

* *After Life*: a Sequel to "The Journal of a Home Life." By the Author of "Amy Herbert," &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

of the authoress of *Amy Herbert* and *Lenetion Parsonage* are in request. They fulfil, more exactly perhaps than those of any other writer, all the conditions considered necessary in a Sunday novel. Such a book must of course introduce modern characters and circumstances, or it would not afford any relief to the sombre tone of the rest of the Sunday routine, and thus would fail to attract and interest the weaker brethren. The writer must, therefore, place upon the stage a certain number of elderly persons occupying a good social position, a certain number of pretty young ladies, and a due proportion of eligible young gentlemen. The elderly folks must exchange calls, give dinner-parties, blacken characters, make matches, go shopping, and entertain visitors. The young folks must meet, keep birthdays, flirt, gossip, marry, and be given in marriage. But it is well understood that all these matters are to be mere accessories, and not of the essence of the novel. The really essential incidents, the events upon which the story hinges, or at any rate those in which it reaches a climax, must be of a semi-religious, or at least of a churchy, description. Thus, it is desirable that a clergyman should be introduced into the company, that he should take a leading part in the action and the dialogue, and that the elderly and middle-aged ladies should group themselves around him in a series of tableaux, with that entire confidence and devotion which are given by women only to their milliners and their clergy. It is also requisite that the majority of the characters should be women, and not men; otherwise the thin thread of circumstance which binds the story together would soon be rudely snapped, and the narrative would tumble to pieces. For in the Sunday novel it is not considered essential that the plot should be laid or elaborated with much care, that the events should follow each other naturally, or that the reader's interest should be concentrated upon one or two central figures. All this is unimportant. What is important is that the book should have a moral, or rather a clerical, drift; and that it should be a kind of dramatic sermon, the players in which all consciously or unconsciously combine to illustrate and enforce certain leading ethical dogmas.

After Life is the continuation of a story begun in a previous volume, called the *Journal of a Home Life*, in which Mrs. Anstruther, a strictly churchy and respectable, but very weak, morbid, shy, and timidly secretive woman, describes her efforts to educate a young family of six children, to two of whom she is stepmother, which has been left to her charge by a dying husband. She chronicles the progress of her undertaking in the dullest of diaries, of which it is scarcely possible to imagine any one, even in a country parsonage on a Sunday evening, reading more than a dozen consecutive pages without the most intense feeling of weariness. The book is, however, a genuine specimen of the Sunday-novel class; and it must not be forgotten that these works have a strictly exoteric intention. They are not written for the profit or delectation of ordinary readers, but as manuals for the use of a certain liberal fraction of that large party in Great Britain which believes that man was made for the Sabbath, and not the Sabbath for man. And to those who have the historic imagination, the happy faculty of placing themselves hypothetically in the position, and of clothing themselves in fancy with the sentiments and the prejudices, of the disciples for whose benefit any given philosophy has been developed, it is conceivable that even the *Journal of a Home Life* and its sequel, *After Life*, may find thankful readers. Exoteric criticism of the Sunday novel is unavailing. No critic should attempt to discuss such a work who cannot, either in reality or in imagination, take up the book at eight o'clock on Sunday evening in a country vicarage. Under such circumstances, and in the frame of mind which those circumstances tend to produce, it may be possible to relish the record of quarrels and misunderstandings occasioned or smoothed over at district-meetings or in Sunday schools; to be interested in flirtations hallowed by their being conducted in organ-lofts; and even, perhaps, to be thankful for occasional patches of sensation, such as the sudden death of Mr. Randolph from the fall of a tree in a thunderstorm, the telegram which deprives John Penrhyn (or Penryhn, as the name is spelt in the first half of the journal) of his fortune, or that which announces his death to the dancers at Ina's wedding.

It might have been supposed that an educational diary written by the authoress of *Principles of Education* would be designed to illustrate, by a practical example, the principles which were enunciated in that book. This, however, is not the case. It would be quite useless to endeavour to extract from the *Home Journal* or from *After Life* any system or theory of the education of children. Occasional glimpses of a theory appear, as in the dogma that girls should be educated at home with the assistance of visiting masters, and should always have separate dressing-rooms—evidently the Radley "cubicle" theory applied to domestic life; that boys should go to private schools, and be trained to unselfishness by being made to wait upon their sisters in the holidays; that step-children should not be encouraged to call their step-mother "mamma," because it teaches them untruthfulness; that boys should be required to select a profession as early as possible, but should not be urged to become clergymen against their will; and the like. But it is not the object of these books to lay down any system of education. On the contrary, their drift is to illustrate the conclusion—at which, apparently, the authoress has recently arrived—that all direct systems of education are futile or of little value, that there is not and cannot be an art or science of education, and therefore that all writers and practical students of the subject, from King Solomon to Mr.

Herbert Spencer, might as well have spared themselves their trouble.

This doctrine is not stated in such plain terms either in the *Home Journal* or in *After Life*. But it was undoubtedly in the mind of the authoress when she prefixed to both volumes the somewhat trite motto *L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose*; the application of which to the subject of education is given at the close of her diary by Mrs. Anstruther, evidently speaking the mind of the authoress, in the following terms:—

Not one of my children has realized my ideal. And yet I do not say that this ideal would have been better than the reality; for I never supposed they would be perfect; I never imagined them gifted with wonderful talents; but I fancied I understood the materials with which I had to deal, and that, by working upon them in certain ways, I should assuredly produce a foreseen and definite result. Now I am convinced that education is a negative and not a positive work—that it is God who trains and teaches, and that our chief business is to remove obstacles (if one may be permitted so to speak) out of His way.

It is not very easy for the ordinary reader to discover the precise force of this doctrine. Without wishing to cavil, he might fancy that "removing obstacles out of God's way" would be a positive and not a negative work; and, if he were not in the proper frame of mind for reading a Sunday novel, he might imagine certain difficulties underlying this theory of helping Providence to train and teach children; or at least might feel the expression to be a little vague, and might be at a loss to discover its precise practical significance. But at any rate, if the doctrine has any definite meaning and is capable of being applied to practice, it means that there is a sort of fatality in the formation of characters and the development of capacities which the most skillfully devised and carefully executed treatment cannot overrule, and that therefore it is really useless to form any plan at all, or to endeavour to educate upon principle.

The question whether there is any science of education is, no doubt, one of the moot questions of the day. Most of the nations of Western Europe have, throughout the greater part of this century, been trying experiments which are intended to solve the problem; and though the general opinion of Englishmen has hitherto been much the same as that which Mr. Chadwick says was expressed by Mr. Lowe to the late Professor Pillans, that "there are no principles of teaching," yet the influence of France and Prussia is now beginning to be felt, and the contrary opinion is spreading. The question must, for the present at any rate, be regarded as open; and, therefore, it is a matter of legitimate doubt and discussion whether the conclusion at which the authoress of *After Life* arrives is or is not correct. But there can be no doubt whatever that the data from which she makes Mrs. Anstruther draw that conclusion are quite inadequate. The conclusion may be true, but it does not follow from the premises.

"I fancied," says Mrs. Anstruther, "that I understood the materials with which I had to deal; and that, by working upon them in certain ways, I should produce a foreseen and definite result." Now, omitting to dwell upon the fact that, according to the dates given in the *Journal*, Mrs. Anstruther did not undertake the charge of the two eldest girls, her step-daughters, until they were respectively sixteen and fifteen years old and had been some time at a boarding-school, and forbearing also to press the objection that it nowhere appears upon the face of her diary that Mrs. Anstruther had any systematic plan upon which she designed to conduct the training of her children, we cannot help seeing at once that there was one fatal obstacle to her success as an educator—namely, her own unfortunate character. No doubt it has been far from the intention of the authoress to represent this educational experiment as ending in discomfiture owing to the incapacity of the person whom she has chosen as her demonstrator; and she is probably unconscious how extremely ill assorted are the character and the functions which she has assigned to her heroine. Yet such is obviously the case. The truth appears in the first twenty pages of the *Journal*, and is made manifest by every subsequent chapter, that Mrs. Anstruther is, as we have said, a weak, morbid, awkwardly shy, and timidly secretive woman, and is therefore most unfit for the task which she undertakes.

Of her weakness there are many instances. Indeed, there is scarcely one critical occasion in the course of her life, as recorded in the diary, at which she does not display a lamentable want of courage or decision. At her husband's death-bed, in the interviews with Mr. Randolph, in that most undignified scene with Baron Von Bronnen at Valencia, in every collision with Lady Chase, except perhaps one at the Alcazar, she fails both to do and to say what is fitting, and what any well-bred Englishwoman of ordinary spirit would have done and said. Sometimes this weakness shows itself in the form of physical cowardice, as when Baron Von Bronnen forces her, by threats and a show of violence, into becoming his accomplice; and, again, when she meets him at the Cathedral in Boulogne. Sometimes it shows itself in a want of good sense and right reason, as when, having at last broken her extorted promise to the Baron and revealed his secret just too late for the revelation to be of any use to his victim, she cannot overcome the feeling that "she is a traitor." Or, again, when she is persuaded by the wretched casuistry of the Rector to violate the spirit of her promise to her dying husband while keeping up the appearance of fulfilling its letter, by allowing her daughter to pretend disobedience to herself; and at last is even satisfied to encourage her daughter's lover to force her to break the letter of the promise by bringing her into a court of equity. Sometimes the weakness shows itself in utter mental prostration and a kind

of bewilderment which renders her absolutely helpless, as on the occasion of her losing Marietta at Valencia, when she writes:—

I really cannot describe my feelings at that moment. It is painful to me to recall them. I ought to have felt trust in God's providence; but though I did pray, the feeling of trust was gone. One train of fears after another came rushing through my mind, and for a few seconds I know that I had lost all judgment.

So also her morbid disposition peeps out on every page of the diary, and, like most morbid persons, she is so full of doubts, so occupied with self, with analysing her impressions and recording her misgivings, that she is suspicious where there is no reasonable cause for suspicion, and omits to suspect dangers that lie directly in her way. She is allured by the charm of John Penrhyn's manner and address, and never thinks of the danger of leaving him as her daughter's companion and counsellor at Chilhurst; while, nevertheless, she is tormented with doubts as to his hereditary tendencies—doubts which, even in the final interview with the Rector, and when she is plotting in his behalf how to circumvent her deceased husband, she cannot entirely suppress. Her shyness and awkwardness in society she freely acknowledges when, for example, she first meets John Penrhyn; when she is at the dinner-party at Easthope; and when the guests arrive at her stepdaughter's wedding. And this shyness often intervenes, at critical periods of her conversations with Marietta and her children, to mar the effect that she wishes to produce. As for her reserve, it is partly the result of timidity, and partly of morbid sentiment. And the curious fact in this part of her character is that she indulges her propensity to be secretive in spite of a full knowledge that openness is an important requisite in any educator, and indispensable in one who has to train such a girl as Ina. For she writes:—

Ina is no longer a child, and mysteries only create mysteries. In dealing with a disposition like hers, a little prone to something not absolutely, transparently open, it is essentially important to have no more reserves than are necessary.

Yet she conceals from her, and from all her children, the promise she has made to their father, though all the misery with which the book ends would have been avoided by her sharing the secret with them, and though on one occasion she is fully conscious that her concealment of it is likely to create a misunderstanding with her son.

In short, it is sufficiently obvious that, whatever may be the value of the conclusion at which Mrs. Anstruther is made to arrive respecting the worthlessness of educational theories, her own example does nothing towards proving that conclusion. And though it is surprising that a clever and observant woman such as the authoress of *After Life* should not have appreciated the full weakness of the character she was drawing, yet even that hypothesis is more probable than that the whole of these two volumes is meant to be cynically ironical, and nothing more than an elaborate sneer.

The dulness of *After Life* is occasionally broken by pithy sentences and ingenious turns of expression which make the reader feel how unequal the whole work is to the powers of its clever writer. And there is one merit, in this as in all the novels by this authoress, which may go some way to console us for other defects. Her ladies are really ladies. There is nothing Brummagem or pinchbeck about them. They are gentle, elegant, modest, and refined; dignified without self-consciousness, and well-informed without making spasmodic efforts after information. In short, they are as refreshingly different from the fashionable middle-class girls of the period as can well be imagined.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE third volume of Alfred von Reumont's history of the city of Rome* embraces one of the most interesting epochs of all history—that of the Papacy from the termination of the great Schism to the death of Alexander VI. It is the story of the gradual secularization of the Papacy, of that slow process which gradually undermined the foundation of reverential awe on which the stately fabric had been reared. Marvellous indeed is the descent from Innocent III. taking their crowns from the heads of Kings, to Alexander VI. leaguely himself with one King after another to despoil his neighbours of some petty fief in the Romagna. This degeneracy, however, is not to be laid to the charge of individual Pontiffs, but must be regarded as an indirect and very gratifying symptom of the world's progress in intelligence, knowledge, and civilization. Ultramontane writers, who view the regimen of Gregory and Innocent as an approximation to a perfect order of things, need but study the subsequent history of the Papacy to become convinced that it was only adapted to a very barbarous and infantine condition of society. Nicholas V. and Pius II., the two best Popes of the fifteenth century, and the only two in whom the ancient spirit to some degree survived, were also the greatest failures, and left the world with expressions of bitter discouragement. The lofty supremacy which was still asserted in theory it was impossible any longer to maintain in practice. Although, however, the Papacy had irretrievably lost its dazzling grandeur, it had not yet entered upon the period of utter mediocrity. Since the days of Sixtus V. no man of intellectual eminence has sat upon the throne of St. Peter. In the fifteenth century almost every Pope was a remarkable personage. Nicholas V. and Pius II. were two of the best and most interesting characters of their times. Martin V. was a great noble; the adventures of

Eugenius IV. resemble a romance. Paul II. was a magnificent patrician, who at least looked the part of Pope better than any one before or since, and whom Herr von Reumont successfully defends against the charges of ignorance and hostility to learning. Sixtus IV., in every respect but his outrageous nepotism, was the double of Sixtus V.—a fact of which the latter Pope was probably conscious when he assumed his predecessor's name. Of Alexander VI. we will only say here that Von Reumont is more favourable to him than are the generality of historians. He dismisses the imputations on Lucretia Borgia with contempt. The historical part of the book is admirably written, but no doubt the most valuable portion of it, and that most immediately within the scope of Von Reumont's undertaking, is the brilliant sketch of the social, artistic, and literary development of a period in which development in all these directions made such remarkable progress. The chapter on the humanists, or restorers of learning, and on the munificent patronage in general accorded to them by the Popes of this era, is particularly interesting and valuable. The architectural creations and embellishments of the Popes also receive the fullest attention, and the details of currency, commerce, and administration in general are duly investigated.

After Von Reumont's work, Dr. Ficker's historico-legal researches on mediæval Italy* appear even more uninviting than they would of themselves. The inquirer, however, is highly to be commended who devotes himself, from the pure love of knowledge, to the elucidation of an obscure subject from which neither profit nor popularity is to be derived. Dr. Ficker appears to have amply earned this commendation. His researches are mainly designed to establish the degree in which the mediæval law of Italy was influenced by the Roman.

A translation of the Queen's Highland Journal† belongs to the best productions of the German press, being beautifully printed on toned paper, and illustrated with woodcuts reproduced from the original. The translation appears elegant and faithful, but there is not a word of preface or commentary, which latter would sometimes not have been amiss. The German reader, for example, may be puzzled to understand how the Gaelic form of "Jacob" should be "Hamish," unless he knows that the English equivalent of Jacob is James.

The history of the House of Liechtenstein‡ is more creditable to the diligence of the author than interesting to his public, unless we suppose this to consist mainly of the present representatives of that illustrious family. The narrative is rather genealogical than biographical.

Count Ulrich von Cilli§ was an Austrian statesman and warrior of the middle of the fifteenth century, uncle, minister, and virtual master of King Ladislaus. According to Herr Supan's view of his career and character, he was an Austrian Richelieu or Pombal, who aimed at rendering his sovereign absolute, and perished in the conflict with the nobility which this attempt naturally provoked. It is sufficiently evident that he was violent and despotic, and he appears to have incurred the unanimous reprobation of historians up to the time of his present biographer, who represents him as an essentially heroic character, whose faults were those of his age.

Dr. Carl Schulz|| is by no means the only person whose eyes were opened by the battle of Sadowa, but the sort of illumination he received was probably peculiar to himself. Its effect was to reveal to him "the divine mission of our dear country"; in other words, that even as the Church of Rome is a spiritual Babylon, so is the Church of Prussia a spiritual Bismarck, whose mission it is to absorb all the minor German Protestant Churches, from the Church of Hanover down to the Church of Hesse Homburg. The misfortune is that the Church of Prussia herself is at present a divided house, consisting of two rival and unfriendly Confessions coupled together by the "Union," or compromise imposed upon them by statesmen for the sake of peace, and, precisely because this is its object, equally obnoxious to them both. Internal coherence is nevertheless an essential condition of external development, and accordingly Dr. Schulz labours hard to convince them of the necessity of accepting the "Union," not merely as a *pis aller*, but as a species of divine institution, which might in some sort have been compared to the law given from Sinai, had there been so much as one mountain in the whole of Prussia.

Herr Christern's¶ essay on the origin of the Gospels is somewhat of a phenomenon for Germany, being a work on a theological subject by one who is neither clergyman nor professor. But it appears not to be the author's fault that he is not both, his wish to devote himself to the study of theology having been frustrated by unfavourable circumstances. His disquisition, however, is not the work of an unlearned man. It frequently displays good sense and acuteness, as well as an asperity worthy of the most dogmatic theologian. The writer not merely maintains the authenticity of

* *Forschungen zur Reichs- und Rechtsgeschichte Italiens.* Von Dr. Julius Ficker. Bd. 1. Innsbruck: Wagner. London: Nutt.

† *Blätter aus dem Tagebuche Ihrer Majestät der Königin Victoria &c.* Autorisirte deutsche Ausgabe. Braunschweig: Vieweg. London: Nutt.

‡ *Geschichte des fürstlichen Hauses Liechtenstein.* Von Jacob Falk. Bd. 1. Wien: Braumüller. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Die vier letzten Lebensjahre des Grafen Ulrich II. von Cilli.* Von A. G. Supan. Wien: Braumüller. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Die Union. Eine geschichtliche und dogmatische Untersuchung.* Von Dr. C. Schulz. Gotha: Perthes. London: Nutt.

¶ *Versuch einer pragmatischen Bildungs- und Entwicklungsgeschichte der Evangelien.* Von W. Christern. Gotha: Perthes. London: Asher & Co.

* *Geschichte der Stadt Rom.* Von Alfred von Reumont. Bd. 3. Abth. 1. Berlin: Decker. London: Nutt.

the Gospels, but carries their composition up to the earliest possible date.

The history of Maria von Mörl*, the Bleeding Nun of the Tyrol, might have formed a valuable psychological study if related in an impartial spirit, and by some one who possessed a first-hand knowledge of the facts. Herr Griesinger, however, has treated it in the temper of an embittered partisan, and his acquaintance with it seems to be entirely derived from the narratives of writers who are as credulous as he is sceptical. Maria was a poor hysterical creature, infirm both in body and mind. In so superstitious a country as the Tyrol, it is no wonder that her disorder assumed a religious complexion, and that, under the tutelage of a clever priest, who no doubt considered his proceedings fully justified by the end he had in view, she rose from one degree of morbid sanctity to another, until she was finally enabled to display the *stigmata* to the full satisfaction of her countrymen, and of crowds of foreign pilgrims. Kneeling in a trance, arrayed in a white robe, with a complexion of unearthly pallor, and jet-black hair dishevelled over her shoulders, she was formally exhibited with a view to theatrical effect; and among the willing dupes who were overawed by her, or the politic dissemblers who affected to be so, figures no less a personage than the late Cardinal Wiseman. We have no doubt, however, that enlightened Roman Catholics regard this callous speculation in human affliction with no less disdain than such clumsy impostures as La Salette, and that, so far as they are concerned, the coarse and passionate invective of Herr Griesinger might have been suppressed. As if to prove that fanaticism is peculiar to no religion (though more probably he had no other view than bookmaking), the author has subjoined almost the most ghastly instance of its frantic atrocity on record—the case of Margaret Peter, the Swiss prophetess, who was crucified by her own family at her own injunction. This dreadful tragedy occurred in 1823.

The English public has already heard more than it desired about Ebel and his followers at Königsberg from Mr. Hepworth Dixon's recent work†. As, however, the general impression deduced from that narrative was unfavourable to the morality of the sect, it is but just to state that not merely do its surviving members continue to repel all such imputations, but that they have convinced the editors of the world-famous "Conversations-Lexicon," who have cancelled their original condemnatory article, and replaced it by one of a directly opposite tendency. This is almost the only fact we can extract from the apologies of Count Kanitz and the preacher Diestel, which are not only composed in the obscure and repulsive style proper to religious fanatics, but presuppose on the reader's part an intimate acquaintance with the still more obscure and repulsive details of this unsavoury business.

The essay of Cardinal Rauscher‡, Archbishop of Vienna, on marriage is agreeably characterized by the moderation as well as dignity of its language. It has been, of course, called forth by the agitation on the subject of the Concordat, and now that the contest is over for the present, the consciousness of impending defeat seems easily traceable in its suasive dexterity and deprecatory expostulation. Hardly adapted to encourage friends, it is from the nature of the case still less calculated to convince opponents. The Cardinal's entire argument is based upon the claim of prerogatives for the Church which his antagonists deny that she possesses. He, on his own part, utterly ignores the fundamental principles of modern Liberalism. The question, interesting and important as it is, is merely an inlet from a vast ocean of controversy.

The recent development of statistical science§ has been considered to favour the principles of necessarian philosophers by exhibiting the constant ratio of births, marriages, emigrations, &c. to the supply of food at any given period, and the inflexible regularity which proportions the percentage of crimes and suicides to the number of the population. The employment of facts of this nature by the late Mr. Buckle is well known. Professor Von Oettinger apparently designs to establish their consistency with theories of quite another sort. So far as his work has proceeded, it is chiefly devoted to a review of the labours of his predecessors in statistical science. This portion of his labours is really valuable, from the number of writers discussed, and the thoroughness and candour of the analysis. It remains to be seen whether the author's original contributions will be equally acceptable. We rather suspect he will be found one of that numerous class who assert human liberty in general phrases, only to surrender it by their admissions and definitions.

The aptitude of the Italians, especially the Neapolitans, for metaphysical researches has frequently been remarked, and it is observable that the philosophy of Hegel|| is that which appears to

possess the principal attraction for them. It would certainly be very remarkable if the first indigenous development of the Neapolitan intellect, after the removal of the despotism which has so long repressed its vitality, should be a new growth of Giordano Bruno and Campanella. It would be pleasant if we could attribute this unconquerable tendency to speculation to the existence of an Hellenic element among the people—a conjecture which will not appear utterly baseless to those who are aware to how surprisingly late a period the Greek language survived in Calabria. However this may be, the phenomenon possesses especial interest for Germans, and Herr Rosenkranz has done exceedingly well to acquaint his countrymen with the history and teaching of the chief apostle of Hegelianism in Italy. Signor Vera is sufficiently well known in this country to render any account of him on our part superfluous. The present essay chiefly relates to the application of his philosophy to physical science, which is, we imagine, its weakest part. Englishmen will usually prefer experimentalists to metaphysicians as guides on this topic, especially to metaphysicians at variance with Newton, Humboldt, La Place, and Dalton.

Speculations in physical philosophy, however wild or erroneous, are in general comprehensible. We cannot say as much for Herr von Hartmann's* treatise on Hegel's "dialectic method," so far as the author's process of reasoning is concerned. He has, however, taken care to leave no uncertainty as to his ultimate conclusion, which is that the vaunted dialectic method is nothing else than "a morbid aberration of intellect, which annihilates all possibility of thought and life." People continue to exist and think nevertheless, and of the occasional tendency of their thoughts Herr von Hartmann has an unpleasant instance in the review of his work by another philosopher, C. L. Michelet†, who clearly intimates that he thinks very little of him. This unfavourable opinion is expressed in the current number of a periodical entitled *Der Gedanke*, which seems to be "zwanglos" in more than one sense.

Strikes, co-operation, industrial partnerships, are three phrases which the German language, with all its opulence, has been obliged to borrow from the English. The circumstance is extremely significant. Dr. Jannasch's‡ investigation of the philosophy of strikes leads him to conclude that the interests of capital and labour are irreconcilable, unless when the capitalist and labourer are united in the same individual. He is consequently a strenuous advocate of the co-operative system, while he is unfavourable to industrial partnerships, apparently from a suspicion that the capitalist will engross the lion's share of the profits. The work, it is needless to say, is written entirely from the artisan's point of view.

Brigadier Rüstow's§ essay on national frontiers is more of a military than of a political character. It is chiefly interesting for the writer's speculations on the anticipated conflict between France and North Germany. He thinks, and with much plausibility when the political morality of the presumed belligerents is taken into account, that they will respectively find it convenient to settle their differences at the expense of their weak and pacific neighbour, Belgium. France will accord Belgium the inestimable benefit of her protection. Germany will interfere to secure for the favoured land the no less precious boon of perfect neutrality. By way of achieving Belgian neutrality, the war will be waged on Belgian soil, and at Belgian costs and charges; and may perhaps terminate by the combatants dividing Belgium between them, as some indemnity for their philanthropic exertions on her behalf.

The third edition of Makower's commentary on the German commercial code||—a much esteemed work—has received the alterations and additions necessitated by the recent changes in the law.

The "Geographical Annual" appears less devoted to geography than to the kindred sciences of ethnography and ethnology.¶ The three most interesting essays it contains are those on the geographical distribution of animals, by Professor Schmarda; on the progress of ethnology, by Professor Seligmann; and on philology in its connexion with ethnography, by Professor Müller. We are gratified to observe a cordial recognition of the merits of Mr. Murray's great work on the geographical distribution of the mammalia, the size and price of which constitute grave impediments to its circulation in England. There is also a vast and varied mass of statistical information, and the usual summary of the geographical progress of the year.

"The Calendar of European History"*** contains its usual well-

* *Ueber die dialectische Methode. Historisch-kritische Untersuchungen.* Von E. von Hartmann. Berlin: C. Duncker. London: Asher & Co.

† *Der Gedanke. Fliegende Blätter in zwanglosen Heften.* Herausgegeben von C. L. Michelet. Bd. 8, Hft. 1. Berlin: Nicolai. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Strikes, die Cooperation, die Industrial Partnerships, und ihre Stellung zur socialen Frage.* Von R. Jannasch. Berlin: Duncker. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Die Grenzen der Staaten. Eine militärisch-politische Untersuchung.* Von W. Rüstow. Zürich: Schulthess. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Das allgemeine Deutsche Handelsgesetzbuch, nebst den dazu in Preussen erlassenen ergänzenden Bestimmungen.* Mit Kommentar herausgegeben von U. Makower. Dritte Auflage. Berlin: Guttenberg. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Geographisches Jahrbuch.* Herausgegeben von E. Behrm. Bd. 2, 1868. Gotha: Perthes. London: Nutt.

*** *Europäischer Geschichtskalender.* Jahrg. 8. Herausgegeben von A. Schulthess. Nördlingen: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Die heilige Maria von Mörl, oder das glaubenstreue Tyrol.* Von T. Griesinger. Stuttgart: Vogler & Beinbauer. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Ein Mahnwort zu Gunsten der Nachwelt an die historische Literatur der Gegenwart.* Von Ernst Grafen von Kanitz. Nebst einem Auszuge aus dem Zeugenverhör von Prediger Diestel. Basel: Riehm. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Die Ehe, und das zweite Hauptstück des bürgerlichen Gesetzbuches.* Von J. O. Kardinal Rauscher, Fürst-Erzbischof von Wien. Wien: Braumüller. London: Nutt.

§ *Die Moralstatistik und die Christliche Sittenlehre. Versuch einer Social-ethik auf empirischer Grundlage.* Von A. von Oettingen. Th. 1. Erlangen: Deichert. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Hegel's Naturphilosophie, und die Bearbeitung derselben durch den Italienschen Philosophen A. Vera.* Von K. Rosenkranz. Berlin: Nicolai. London: Williams & Norgate.

digested chronological abstract of the events of the year; the affairs of Germany, in particular, are very copiously treated. There is also an able and impartial historical summary.

*Unsere Zeit** deserves its title by the attention it accords to the most pressing topics of the day. Perhaps the most important portion of its contents is the series of papers on the current politics of the principal nations of Europe. These are not only accurate and comprehensive, but, being prepared with reference to the wishes and opinions of an extensive circle of readers, afford a valuable index to the condition of public feeling in North Germany. Among other interesting papers may be named those on the famine in East Prussia, on Madame Roland, Tennyson, Franz Bopp, and the adventures of the German painter Zander in Abyssinia.

The difficulty of the Hungarian language is so great an obstacle to the correct appreciation of the wishes of the people as fully to warrant the establishment of a German organ for their expression.† It remains to be ascertained whether the periodical in question represents the nation or a party. By the admission of the conductors themselves, the *Ungarische Monatschrift* is the organ of "the Left Centre" in the Hungarian Parliament—that is to say, of a comparatively insignificant fraction. It is, nevertheless, alleged to be a fair representative of public sentiment; we sincerely trust that the assertion is as destitute of foundation as of probability. The arrogant and exasperating spirit in which the pretensions of the Magyars are here urged would, if general, soon bring about the complete dissolution of the Austrian Empire, when Hungary would doubtless share the fate of Poland. If the Hungarians are not utterly blinded by national vanity, they must perceive that their present position, as the most powerful member of a great confederation, is by far the most favourable they could possibly occupy; and that, if isolated, even supposing them to maintain a precarious independence, they would be of no more account than their neighbours of Servia and Roumania.

Steffens's popular annual‡ contains its usual store of tales and miscellanies, among which we remark an article on the English Premier and the Jews, by Julius Rodenberg.

* *Unsere Zeit*. Deutsche Revue der Gegenwart. Jahrg. 4. Heft 1. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Ungarische Monatschrift für Politik &c.* Herausgegeben von mehreren Fachmännern. Bd. 1. Berlin: Kortkamp. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Volks-Kalender für 1869*. Herausgegeben von K. Steffens. Berlin: Gerschel. London: Williams & Norgate.

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Highland Costume	£2 0 0	£2 12 6	£3 0 0	£3 12 6	£4 0 0	£4 12 6	£5 0 0	£5 12 6	£6 0 0
Knickerbocker Dress	1 0 0	1 12 6	2 0 0	2 12 6	3 0 0	3 12 6	4 0 0	4 12 6	5 0 0
Suitors' Dress	2 0 0	2 12 6	3 0 0	3 12 6	4 0 0	4 12 6	5 0 0	5 12 6	6 0 0
Jacket, Vest, and Trousers Suits	2 0 0	2 12 6	3 0 0	3 12 6	4 0 0	4 12 6	5 0 0	5 12 6	6 0 0
FOR LADIES.									
Riding Habits	£3 0 0	£3 12 6	£4 0 0	£4 12 6	£5 0 0	£5 12 6	£6 0 0	£6 12 6	£7 0 0
Pantaloon de Chasse	1 0 0	1 12 6	2 0 0	2 12 6	3 0 0	3 12 6	4 0 0	4 12 6	5 0 0
Travelling Suit, Jacket, Vest, and Skirt	2 0 0	2 12 6	3 0 0	3 12 6	4 0 0	4 12 6	5 0 0	5 12 6	6 0 0
New Registered Cloak	2 0 0	2 12 6	3 0 0	3 12 6	4 0 0	4 12 6	5 0 0	5 12 6	6 0 0
Waterproof Tweed Cloaks	1 0 0	1 12 6	2 0 0	2 12 6	3 0 0	3 12 6	4 0 0	4 12 6	5 0 0

SPECIALITIES IN OVERCOATS FOR GENTLEMEN.

Pilot Cloth, 22s. 42s. and 52s. 6d.; Melton Cloth, 42s. 52s. 6d., and 63s.; Beaver Wilton Cloth, 31s. 6d., 42s., 52s., 63s.; Treble Mixed Cloth for Driving, 103s., 115s. 6d.; Real Fur Seal, 100s. Silk, 54 guineas; Fur Beaver-lined Silk, 94s.; Quilted, 125s.

SPECIALITIES IN OVERCOATS FOR BOYS.

Frize Cloth, 4 years of age, 15s. 6d.; 6 years, 17s.; 8 years, 18s. 6d.; 10 years, 20s.; 12 years, 21s. 6d.; 14 years, 22s. 6d.; 16 years, 24s. 6d.; Melton, Pilot, Beaver, or Wilton Cloth, 4 years of age, 22s. 6d.; 6 years, 24s. 6d.; 8 years, 26s. 6d.; 10 years, 28s. 6d.; 12 years, 30s. 6d.; 14 years, 32s. 6d.; 16 years, 34s. 6d.

SPECIALITIES IN JACKETS FOR LADIES.

L'Elegante, made of Real Fur Seal; Fur Beaver Cloth, and other suitable Woollen Fabrics, exquisitely shaped, and made with the same superior finish as is so well known in their celebrated Patterns for Gentlemen.

In each Department Garments are kept for immediate use, or made to measure at a few hours' notice.

H. J. & D. NICOLL, Merchant Clothiers.

October 17, 1868.]

The Saturday Review.

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CAPITAL, £1,000,000.HEAD OFFICE: NICHOLAS LANE, LOMBARD STREET, LONDON.
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At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.
At 4 per cent. ditto ditto 6 ditto ditto
At 3 per cent. ditto ditto 3 ditto ditto

Exceptional Rates for longer periods than Twelve Months, particulars of which may be obtained on application.

Minuted at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.
Sales and Purchases effected in British and Foreign Securities, in East India Stock and Loans, and the safe custody of the same undertaken.
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Every other description of Banking Business and Money Agency, British and Indian, transacted.

J. THOMSON, Chairman.

ATTENTION IS INVITED TO THE REPORT OF THE SIXTH SEPTENNIAL INVESTIGATION OF THE SCOTTISH AMICABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.And to the Special Pamphlet explaining its economical and popular system of "Minimum Premiums."—Copies free on application.
LONDON OFFICE: 1 THREADENELL STREET, E.C.

FOUNDED 1836.

LEGAL AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
10 FLEET STREET, E.C.

Policies of this Society are guaranteed by very ample Funds; receive Nine-tenths of the total Profits as Bonus; enjoy peculiar "Whole-World" and other distinctive privileges; and are protected by special conditions against liability to future questions.

Invested Funds £1,500,000
Annual Income 200,000
E. A. NEWTON, Actuary and Manager.**IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,**
1 OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17 PAUL MALL, LONDON.ESTABLISHED 1863.
SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL, £1,000,000. LOSSES PAID, £2,000,000.The Insurances granted on every description of Property, at Home and Abroad, at moderate rates.
Claims liberally and promptly settled.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

IMPERIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Instituted 1850.

The Security of a Subscribed Capital of £750,000, and an Assurance Fund amounting to more than seven years' purchase of the total Annual Income.

Eighty per cent. of the Profits divided among the Assured every Fifth Year.
Assurances of all kinds, Without Profits, at considerably Reduced Rates.
Policies granted at very Low Rates of Premium for the First Five Years.The most liberal Conditions in respect of Foreign Residence and Travel. Revival of Lapsed Policies, and Surrender Values.
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Annuities—Immediate, Deferred, or Reversionary.
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The revised Prospectus, with full Particulars and Tables, to be obtained at the Company's Office in London, 1 Old Broad Street, E.C., and 16 Paul Mall, S.W., and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary.

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The Oldest Office in the Kingdom. Instituted for Fire Business, A.D. 1696. Extended to Life, 1850.

The Whole of the Profits divided Yearly amongst the Members.

RETURNS FOR 1868.

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LIFE DEPARTMENT.—55 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of above Five Years' standing.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL (25th December 1867), £1,191,968.

The Directors are willing to appoint, as Agents, Persons of good Position and Character.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.
(Established A.D. 1720, by Charter of King George I., and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.)CHIEF OFFICE: ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; BRANCH: 29 PAUL MALL.
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Directors.

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FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES on liberal terms.
The Duty on Fire Assurances has been reduced to the uniform rate of 1s. 6d. per cent. per annum.

No charge is made by this Corporation for Fire Policy or Stamp, however small the Life Assurances may be.

Divisions of Profit every Five Years.
Any sum up to £15,000 insurable on the same Life.The Corporation bear the cost of Policy Stamps and Medical Fees.
A liberal participation of Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock, and compensation, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.

The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a Half.

A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.
ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.**SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.**
Established in 1831.NEW BUSINESS, 1868.
New Assurances effected during the Year £254,597
Annual Premiums thereon 124,110POSITION OF THE SOCIETY AT MARCH 1, 1868.
Existing Assurances £6,681,542
Accumulated Funds 1,777,631
Annual Revenue 247,510TENTH DIVISION OF PROFITS.
At the Tenth Triennial Division of Profits, £214,264 4s. 3d., payable at the death of the Policyholder thereto, was added to the Participating Policies; giving a Bonus at the rate of 41 lbs. 10s. per annum on each £100 assured in the First Year of the Society; of £1 13s. 10d. on each £100 Policy of the Fifth Year; and of £1 10s. 3d. on each Policy of the Tenth Year; and so on.TOTAL AMOUNT OF VESTED BONUS ADDITIONS, £1,506,164.
A Policy for £1000, effected in 1832, now amounts to £1840 17 10
A Policy for £1000, effected in 1837, now amounts to 1678 16 0
A Policy for £1000, effected in 1842, now amounts to 1929 3 3

And so on in proportion to the number of years the Policy has subsisted.

The Annual Report, 1868, Forms of Proposal, Rates, and all information, may be obtained at the Head Office, or any of the Branches or Agencies.

GEORGE TODD, Manager.

WM. FINLAY, Secretary.

HEAD OFFICE: 26 ST. ANDREW SQUARE, Edinburgh.
LONDON OFFICE: 30 GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.

ABCHID. T. RICHIE, Resident Secretary.

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Manufactory—196, 197, 198 Tottenham Court Road, London, W.**HEAL & SON, Tottenham Court Road, W.****EASY CHAIRS, COUCHES, and SOFAS, the Best Made.**
200 different Shapes constantly on View for Selection and Immediate Delivery. Easy Chairs made to any Shape on approval.—FILMER & SON, Upholsters, 31 and 33 Berners Street, Oxford St., W.; Factory, 34 and 35 Charles Street.—An Illustrated Catalogue post free.**PARQUET SOLIDAIRES (HOWARD'S PATENT, No. 1,548)**For Floors and Borderings to Rooms, &c.
Being manufactured by Steam Machinery, is laid complete at less cost than Turkey Carpets, having the advantage over the Foreign-made Parquets of standing perfectly and being cheaper. Architects' Designs adopted without Extra Cost. Illustrated Catalogues on application to
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For Floors and Borderings to Rooms, &c., 37 Conduit Street (Five Doors from Bond Street), where the celebrated Machine-made Jewellery, in 18-Carat Gold, so extensively introduced by Mr. STREETER, is only to be obtained.**CHUBB'S NEW PATENT SAFES, Steel-plated with Dia-**
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6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W., beg to direct attention to the following Pure Unloaded WINES of their own special importation. Prices per dozen:LIGHT BORDEAUX 25s.
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An excellent Dinner Wine. A Desert Wine, with Bouquet.In Cases of Three Dozens. Bottles and Cases included.
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celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle bears the well-known Label, signed "E. LAZENBY & SON." This Label is protected by perpetual injunction in Chancery of the 9th July, 1850, and without it none can be genuine.

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Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and Oilmen.

SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS.—SAUCE.
The "WORCESTERSHIRE," pronounced by Connoisseurs "The only Good Sauce."

It improves Appetite and Digestion. Unrivalled for Piquancy and Flavour. Beware of imitations, to avoid which see the Names, LEA & PERRINS, on all Bottles and Labels. Ask for "LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE." Agents, CROSSE & BLACKWELL, London, and sold by all Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.

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Sole Medal Paris Exhibition 1867.

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per Tablet, most delicately perfumed. This beautiful Article combines the detergent properties of Soap with the soothing and emollient action of Spermaceti; it is especially recommended for Children and Invalids.

See Name on each Tablet and Label.
Wholesale—36 UPPER MARSH, LAMBETH, S.**CANDLES.**—Ask for FIELD'S PATENT SELF-FITTINGCANDLES. Safety, Economy, and Cleanliness combined.
From One Shilling per lb. upwards.**GALVANISM v. RHEUMATIC-NERVOUS PAINS, Gout,**

Functional Disorders, General and Local Debility, Nervousness, Liver Complaints, Indigestion, Nervous Headaches, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Singlish Craniation, Want of Power and Vitality.—PULVERMACH'S IMPROVED PATENT VOLTA-ELECTRIC FLEXIBLE BELTS, Bands, and Chain Batteries, being the only genuine self-applicable Volta-Electric appliances, are easily distinguished from the pseudo-electric sham curative contrivances advertised by certain extortioners merely as a catch for their gullible purposes, by the Patient availing himself of a TEST sent GRATIS ON LOAN for a week on application. Belts 2s. to 4s. Chain Bands 2s. to 2s., according to electric power, the instantaneously perceptible effects of which can be experimented daily at the establishment.

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Established 40 Years as the most agreeable and effectual preservative for the Teeth and Gums.
Sold universally in Pots at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.
None Genuine unless signed JEWSBURY & BROWN, Manchester.

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It will cause Hair to grow on Bald Spots.
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